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March 20, 1957

PRICE



# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Mary Parker's wedding,  
see page 3.



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 20, 1957

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## THE PEOPLE AND THE PALACE

INFORMAL lunches at Buckingham Palace for trade union leaders and other commoners are an indication of the liberalisation of contact between the Crown and the people.

Clearly, Prince Philip is responsible for this latest sensible move to bring the Queen closer to the personalities and thought of the day.

In the 19th century Prince Albert exerted great influence on Queen Victoria and, through her, on the policies of the nation and Empire.

That influence was not always good, and even after his death the shadow of Albert was always behind the Throne.

But in this century Prince Philip is emerging as something much more vital and down to earth.

He has almost become a liaison officer between the Queen and Royal Family and the people.

And, even more important, an interpreter of the Commonwealth to the Queen and to England.

The Prince, through travel, personal contact, and the spoken word, is trying to give the somewhat insular English a new concept of Commonwealth, a much needed new vision that England is merely a small part of a world-wide group of peoples with allegiance to the Crown.

No Royal personage has ever before bluntly told the English, as Prince Philip did at the end of his recent Australian tour: "You should be proud of Australia's achievements."

## Our cover:

● Mrs. Paul Fitzgerald, the former Mary Parker, photographed in the garden of her parents' home at Kew, Melbourne, as she left for her wedding. Her sister Susan (left) and Maev O'Collins were bridesmaids. The bride's dress was of silk organza and her tulle veil was held in place by a lily-of-the-valley coronet. The bridesmaids wore dresses of sea-island cotton and picture hats of tulle. Our cover picture and those opposite were taken by staff photographer Gary Linney.

## This week:

● Our possum on page 19, placidly eating bread and raspberry jam, is one of the more favored of those who live in Sydney suburbs. Some householders, irked by the possums' habit of eating rose-tips and scampering noisily over rooftops, feel distinctly cool towards this wild life in the garden. One observer of the habits of possums and people claims that Mosman residents often trap the animals and release them in the vicinity of other suburbs such as Hunter's Hill. "It so happens," he says, "that the Hunter's Hill residents replace them in sacks and drop them back in Mosman. Consequently the northern suburbs of Sydney have degenerated into one vast possum exchange."

## Next week:

● The Lucke quads have left babyhood behind them, as you'll see by the color pictures of them in next week's paper. They are walking now, and emerging as four distinct personalities. Latest pictures of the comparatively grown-up Saras, who will be seven this year, appear in the same issue.

● Many readers have asked Betty Keep for a pattern for a separate skirt to wear with a blouse or sweater this winter. She has chosen three smart designs, and they illustrate her regular feature, "Dress Sense," next week. As usual, special "Dress Sense" patterns are available for them.

## BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

## Life story of a brilliant American composer

● The musician who composed "An American in Paris," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Porgy and Bess" liked to work in the early hours of the morning, stripped to the waist, and smoking a cigar.

"A JOURNEY into Greatness, The Life and Music of George Gershwin," by David Ewen (W. H. Allen), appears twenty years after the composer's death from a brain tumour at the age of 38.

Today his music is played more than it was in his lifetime. In the intervening years his few serious works have been heaped with European honors, and his popular songs still bring his estate earnings equal to those of Cole Porter and Irving Berlin.

Toscanini called Gershwin's "the only real American music."

Born in America of unmusical Russian parents, Gershwin had the kind of early musical training that would have ruined anyone but a near genius. He was 15 when he went to work as a Tin Pan Alley pianist and song plug-

ger. His first song was published two years later.

The film made about Gershwin ("Rhapsody in Blue") pictured him as having to struggle in early life. David Ewen says that in fact the family was reasonably well off.

The main trouble was that Gershwin's mother wanted him to be an accountant.

A complex and contradictory character, and egocentric to a degree, he would sometimes refer to himself in the third person. But this didn't stop him having a huge circle of devoted friends, chief among them Oscar Levant.

Gershwin never married; the girls in his life were always of secondary importance to his music. But towards the end, he fell violently in love with Paulette Goddard, then married to Charles Chaplin. Her refusal to leave Chaplin, Ewen says, shook George as nothing else ever had.

"Porgy and Bess," the Gershwin negro opera that

last year was performed in Moscow and Leningrad, following a triumphant European tour, was almost never written.

Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein tried to buy the play on which it was based and adapt it as a musical for Al Jolson.

Had George Gershwin not been a musician he could have been an almost equally successful painter. Included in the illustrations are four of his portraits.

Our copy from Morgan's Book Shop, Sydney.

NO MAN FRIDAY, by Rex Gordon (Heinemann). Science fiction, with Woomera as the starting point of the British rocket that crashes on Mars with one survivor. By a better-than-average exponent of the space-travel school.

THE COLD DARK NIGHT, by Sarah Gainham (Barker). Complicated and melodramatic thriller set in post-war Berlin during a Four-power Conference.



# TV STAR MARRIES ARTIST

● A battery of Press and TV cameras left pretty bride Mary Parker unruffled as she left her home at Kew, Melbourne, for her wedding to artist Paul Fitzgerald at the chapel at Xavier College, the bridegroom's old school. Mary, a TV star and stage actress, is the sister of Michael Parker, former private secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh.



**BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM**, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fitzgerald, toast each other in champagne at the reception given by the bride's parents, Captain and Mrs. C. A. Parker, at their home in Kew, Melbourne, after the wedding. At left is the bridegroom's brother, Brian Fitzgerald, who was best man, and at right is bridesmaid Maev O'Collins. Susan Parker was the other bridesmaid.



**YOUNGEST GUEST**, seven-month-old Simon Parker, held by his mother, Mrs. Charles Parker, is greeted by the bride, who is his aunt. Simon is the son of her brother, Dr. Charles Parker. One hundred guests were entertained at the wedding reception in the illuminated garden.



**OUTDOOR RECEPTION** at the Parker home was enjoyed by guests, from left, Mrs. Maurice Clarke, Dr. Frank Hurley, and Miss T. Broderick. A wedding banquet was served in a marquee in the garden. Before the reception, the bride visited Genazzano Convent, her old school. The Mother Superior at the convent, who is a relative of the bridegroom, first introduced the young couple.



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# Duke's new 'shadow'



UNFAMILIAR FACE in the Duke of Edinburgh's staff is Squadron-Leader Henry Chinnery (right), arriving at the Mansion House luncheon given the Duke after his world tour. Familiar face of Michael Parker (above), making his last official appearance as he follows the Duke into the Mansion House for the luncheon.



## Equerry Chinnery shops for presents for Royal visit to Paris

● A lantern-jawed young man in well-cut clothes will be at the Duke of Edinburgh's side for every official event of the three-day State visit to Paris next month.

By  
**ANNE MATHESON**,  
of our London staff

HE is Squadron-Leader Henry Chinnery, who will be equerry to the Duke for the visit, which begins on April 8.

Since his return from Portugal, his first Royal tour as an aide to the Duke, Squadron-Leader Chinnery has been busy with all the details of the Paris visit.

His duties have been comprehensive, even to shopping for gifts from which the Royal couple will choose as their personal thanks to the French President, M. Rene Coty.

Married, with two daughters, Squadron-Leader Chinnery, who joined the R.A.F. in 1941, was appointed the Duke's air equerry a year ago.

### Learns quickly

AS aide to the Duke on the Portugal visit, he replaced Australian Lieutenant-Commander Michael Parker, who resigned suddenly as the Duke's secretary following the announcement of his separation from his wife.

That visit called for every ounce of Squadron-Leader Chinnery's R.A.F. training.

For in Portugal, the most exacting State visit the Royal couple have made, Chinnery, the "new boy," could not be eased gently into the position of aide to the lively, quick-thinking, go-ahead Duke. There just wasn't time.

But Henry Chinnery soon established himself by his grasp of each new situation.

"There can never be another 'Mike'," said a member of the Royal household. "It's hard for Chinnery to step into Parker's job, but he is learning quickly."

There were many times on the tour when the "new boy" showed clearly that he

was learning in lightning time the details of his new duties.

He overdid looking after the Duke once outside the Lisbon Town Hall when 5000 excited Portuguese poured into the square and police attacked with batons.

The result was that Chinnery almost was left with the crowd as the hall's massive doors were slammed and barred.

In his new job, through its difficult early phases, he was a little shy. But his shyness soon passes.

Then he is as natural as Michael Parker, whose breezy friendliness made him hundreds of friends. Nerves and diffidence disappeared with Parker's warm handshake.

In a quiet, different way, Chinnery has this quality.

On the Portugal tour, he was obviously keeping in the background.

"Just feeling his way into the job and doing it magnificently," said a photographer whose Royal assignments have taken him all over the world with the Duke and his Australian secretary.

The photographer said: "He is not like 'Mike.' He is more like Group-Captain Peter Townsend, with the same well-ordered mind, the same flair for organising, and the same quiet manner."

"He is efficient and human, friendly, but not over-confident. We like him."

That sums up the opinion of the cameramen who come into closest contact with the Duke's staff on Royal tours.

I met Squadron-Leader Chinnery at a reception at the Ajuda Palace. He was wearing R.A.F. dress uniform and looked handsome in what he called "My brass frame."

### Hearty laugh

I ASKED him: "Were there hearts or shields on the tie the Duke was wearing the day he met the Queen at Montijo Airport?"

The Squadron-Leader threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Good gracious, no, they were stags' heads."

"It's an Australian regimental tie," he said, and chuckled at the thought that stags' heads had looked like hearts.

That is one of Chinnery's nicest qualities. He shows promise of being very efficient, but he is not the least stand-offish.

Squadron-Leader Chinnery is a rather serious-looking young man. In comparison with quick-moving Michael Parker, who seemed to be here, there, and everywhere at

one time, with good-humored efficiency, Chinnery seems even more serious.

That is why taking over Parker's job on the State visit was particularly trying, especially as the visit called not only for tact and patience with the crowds, who can quickly make a shambles of every Royal occasion, but also for great physical endurance and even "strong-arm stuff" to get the Royal couple in and out of cars.

Pressmen praise his quick thinking on the last day of the tour when the Duke decided that he and the Queen would drive to the airport in an open police pick-up van.

Realising that this would leave the photographers, who had travelled in the van, without transport, he told them: "Pile into the Royal cars, boys. We'll get you there."

Beckoning to one photographer, he said, "You can take the Queen's seat," and he got into the seat where the Duke usually sits.

Chinnery had to handle one detail of the visit with great tact. Lieutenant-Commander Parker's name was on every programme.

There was no time to have the costly programmes reprinted, so throughout the tour Portuguese reading the programme constantly addressed Chinnery as "Parker."



BEING AIDE to the Duke is not all official duty. On a sunny Sunday, Squadron-Leader Chinnery joins the Duke for a sail before the start of the Portugal tour.





STATELY WALTZ and athletic rock-'n-roll (right) at the Summer Dance Festival in Sydney recently.



## Old-world grace versus the Cats

I was climbing Sydney Town Hall steps one night recently when two nice old ladies in stoles and hairpins stopped me.

"We seem to have come to the wrong place . . . We were sure Mr. Odnoposoff was playing here."

"I THINK he's at the Conservatorium," I said. "This is the Summer Dance Festival—ballroom dancing, and the Cats."

"The Cats!" They glanced furtively at each other. They raked me bow and stern.

"Oh," they said, drawing their stoles a little tighter.

There were no Cats visible when I got inside, but under the chandelier in the big foyer more than 30 girls formed a three-sided square.

The girls, rigid with the fright they were trying to hide, and holding big black-and-white number cards just where their girdles should start, looked so much like rows of pretty dolls lined up in a toy shop that I felt their eyes would have closed if you'd tipped them back.

I was particularly noticing how the soft chandelier shadows dappled their powdered shoulders—when a burly fellow in a blue tuxedo ruined my dreaming.

"You're the Press, of course," he said. "I saw your photographer. Now, how can I help you? . . . This is the Miss Danceland of 1957 competition . . . We're selecting the finalists. Now if you go inside there's a seat on the platform for you . . . Just ask anyone there . . ."

So I went inside, where a band was playing softly, and couples were whirling the Town Hall dust across the high roving spotlights, and about 2000 people were watching, and at last found a seat to the left of the band beside a heap of instruments waiting to be occupied.

Beside me was a double bass, a box marked "Pastry Products," an empty cigarette pack, a set of silver drums.

From the auditorium balconies blue banners draped the names of suburban dance clubs. And behind me the long gold pipes of the grand

organ seemed to look down their noses at all this frivolity.

The dancers spun and cavorted, the girls in flame, peach, blue, white, the gents in tails with big numbers on their backs like a funereal football team. The crowd, young, gay, and including many children, hung over the balconies or imprisoned the dancers on the polished floor.

The applause at times was like heavy rain as the claque barracked their favorites.

I was absorbing all this when an official in a dinner jacket sat beside me.

"Our idea," he said, "is to put ballroom dancing back on the map. The Yanks, who don't go in for ballroom dancing, almost killed it here during the war. The jitterbug style got a great hold . . ."

By  
**RONALD McKIE,**  
staff reporter

A man came across, whispered, and departed. The official excused himself and followed. But in a few minutes he was back.

"Old-time dancing was based on a wrong conception. Its movements were unnatural. The art of modern ballroom dancing is to skate without using skates."

I could hear my great-grandfather, a master on a dance floor, beginning to growl from his grave on a hillside near Yass, but at that moment Lord Mayor Jensen arrived, the official scuttled off, and a dozen bandmen climbed over the seats to occupy the instruments around me.

And I just had time to hear the Lord Mayor say that dancing was a means of expressing joy before the double bass beside me went zom zom, a saxophone started talking to itself, a kettle-drum rattled, and the speech was over.

"The expert who wrote the technique . . ." I jumped. It

was that man again. "I beg your pardon," I said.

"As I was saying, the expert who wrote the technique of modern ballroom dancing was an Englishman. His name was Professor H. St. John Rumsey . . ."

The man was still at it, explaining where the feet should go on a modern dance floor, when someone beckoned him.

Before he'd gone five yards I was off the platform, and just in time, too, for the Cats were on, jumping, tossing, stamping, their eyes blank, their faces empty, their hips wriggling and swaying.

One blonde in a black skirt and shirt flung herself at her man, bounced, flipped over his head, landed on her feet, and did the splits; a character in a blue zoot suit almost to his knees went off on his own and wriggled from neck to knee like a wet dachshund.

Then the dance was over and I was among the Cats trying to find out if this was real rock-'n-roll.

"Crazy, man, crazy, this is the dinky-di rock-'n-roll," a sweaty long-haired youngster in a check shirt and tight black pants told me.

"Shoot me a skin, man," another said, "we're the Cats and our feet think for us."

I already knew what the ballroom dancers thought of rock-'n-roll, but I wanted to know what the rock-'n-rollers thought of ballroom dancing.

"They're all square," a girl said. "They don't dig our music," said another. "They're L 7 or LL 14," said one of the boys.

"And what's that all mean?" I asked.

"Old-fashioned," they yelled.

Then it was time for Miss Danceland of 1957 (Miss Carol Bradley, a Sydney nurse) to be crowned, so I found a seat beside Viola.

I didn't see Viola at first because she was so small, but



MASTERFUL and sure, he swings his ecstatic partner in a perfect ballroom turn.



DAZZLING blue-eyed Carol Bradley, a Sydney nurse, is crowned Miss Danceland of 1957.

I was soon conscious of solemn eyes studying me.

Her hair was coppery, worn in a pudding-basin bob. She wore a green cardigan, cream frock, black shoes, and white socks. She told me she was "Viola and I'm four."

"Do you like the pretty lady?" I asked, pointing at the blue-eyed blondness of Miss Danceland.

"I'm prettier'n she is,"

Viola said. "My mummy's over there." She pointed. "Should I go to her?"

"I think you should," I said.

At that moment I caught sight of that man again. He seemed to be making my way with more information about ballroom dancing. I dived into the crowd and made for George Street. And I didn't even have time to say excuse me or goodbye to Viola.





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# Five hectic days for Uni. freshers



FRESHERS Gillian Caley (left) and Felicity Kades find their way round the University with some help from Jim Friend. Pictures on this page show Gillian and Felicity during Orientation Week.



IN THE MAIN QUADRANGLE of the University Arts II student Jenny Marshall (left) shows Felicity and Gillian the way to the Fisher Library.

Probably the most hectic five days in their academic careers have just ended for the 1957 "freshers" at Sydney University. The annual Orientation Week is over.

WEBSTER'S Dictionary defines orientation as "acquainting oneself with the existing situation." But the most important feature of the week was the presentation of five how-to-study lectures.

"They are designed to show efficient techniques of study," said Orientation Week's convener, Michael Nelson, fourth-year arts student.

In the Orientation Handbook, given free to freshers, Michael and another student director of the Week, Jim Friend, gave some sound advice to the new students.

"In the first place, you will have to begin working at a ridiculously early time of the year—namely, next week. You will have to find out what your textbooks are and read them.

"In the second place, you will have to attend lectures fairly consistently. It has been discovered by recent investigators that certain departments feel lonely if their students do not attend, and occasionally retaliate by not asking them to sit for the examinations.

"In the third place, you will have to do the class work, whether written or practical, because lecturers feel particularly hurt if you do not give them their reading matter and probably will not invite you again.

"Tyrannical and barbarous though these restrictions on your personal freedom are, you will have to accept them as a means to your grubby, mercenary end."

But they conclude reassuringly, "You can still have plenty of fun all the same."

So Orientation Week was a combination of serious, thought-provoking symposia, discussions—and fun.

All of the Week's lectures—and some of them were on highly controversial topics—brought packed crowds.

On the lighter side, the student directors organised a jazz concert, a mannequin parade—at which all the models were themselves students—and a dance.

Two freshers who are typical of the estimated 3500 new students are Felicity Kades and Gillian Caley, photographed on this page.

Dark and attractive, Felicity is 19. She arrived in Sydney four months ago from the United States, where she has lived for the past six years with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kades.

She is taking the two-year social-studies course at Sydney University.

Sixteen-year-old Gillian Caley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Caley, of East Lindfield. She left Abbotsleigh last year, and is a first-year arts student.



CHANCELLOR Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn follows the academic procession to the Great Hall for the freshers' official welcome.



FRESHERS' INFORMAL dance was held at the University Union: from left are Ben Parker, Gillian, Felicity, and Hal Paemaa.



HOW-TO-STUDY LECTURE, "The Characteristics of the Successful University Student," absorbs Gillian, Felicity, and the student audience in the Wallace Theatre.



MANNEQUIN PARADE in the Union Hall was wildly applauded by the students. With Bob Diamond and R. Honner (right), Gillian and Felicity watch Joanne Williamson parade.



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Send your mother's photograph, together with the box top from a pair of Fiesta nylons to "Prettiest Mother" Competition, Box 7063, G.P.O., Sydney. Write her name and address on the back lightly in ink. Entries close on April 17. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.



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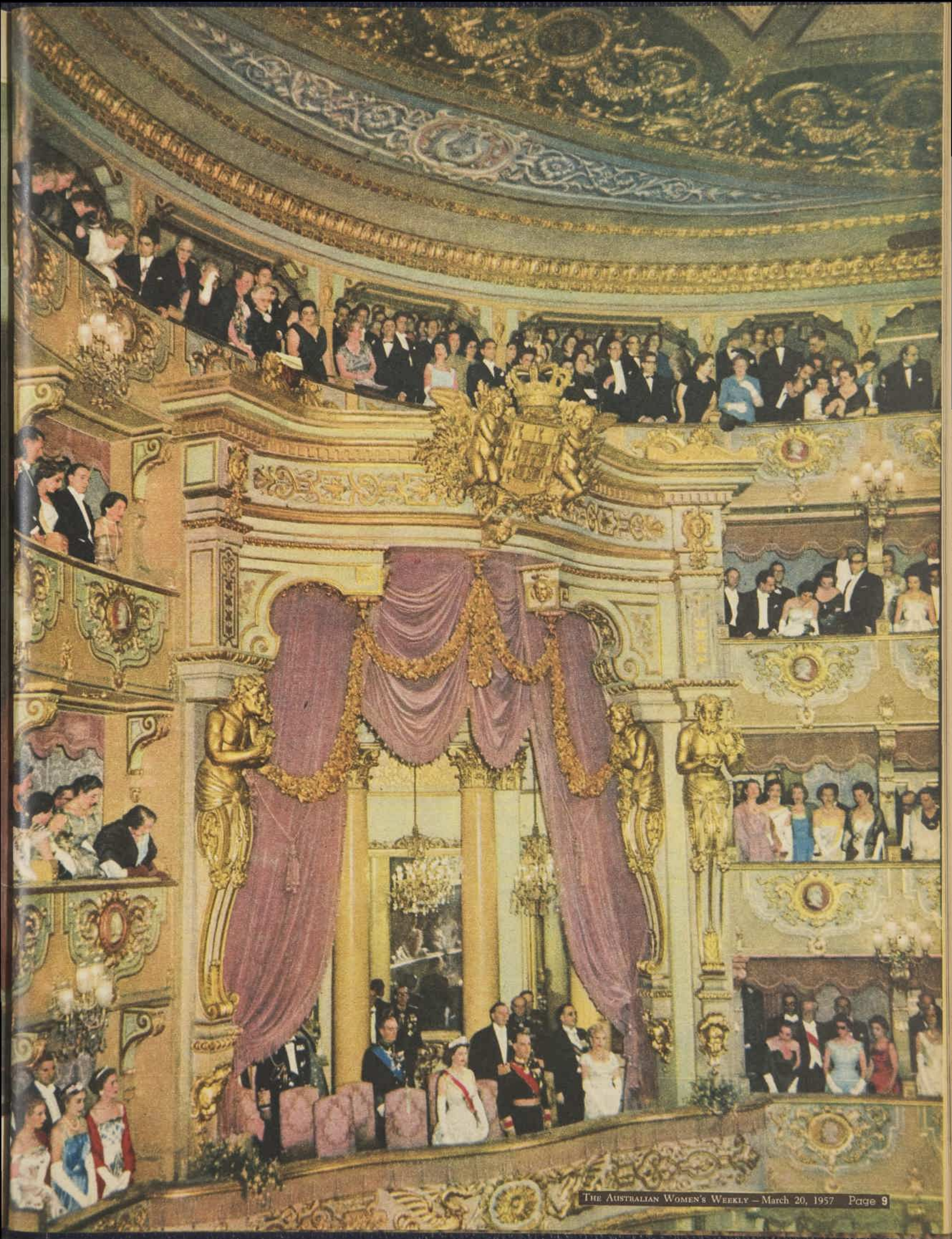


# Royal Occasions in Portugal

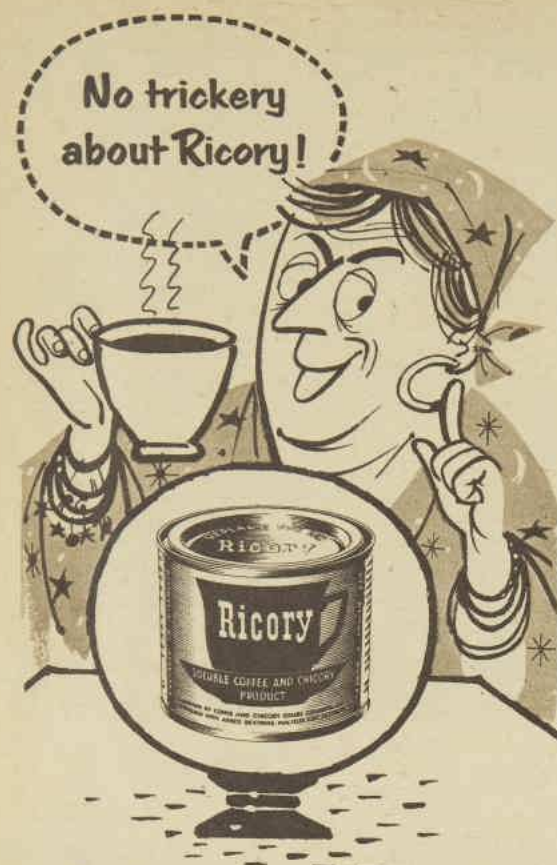


• The Queen's four-day State Visit to Portugal last month was one of the happiest visits of her reign, and was notable for its brilliant spectacle, its pomp and grandeur. ABOVE: This picture was taken before the lunch at Queluz Palace on the day the Queen arrived. From left are Prince Philip, the Queen, and President Craveiro Lopes. The Queen is wearing the satin coat and matching hat in which she arrived. It was a perfect contrast for the gold-and-scarlet barge in which she came ashore in Lisbon, and the white, gold, and crystal dais on which she was received by President Lopes. AT RIGHT: Spectacle in the Sao Carlos National Theatre, Lisbon, as the Royal party entered their box for the gala performance in the Queen's honor. This occasion was the first time in the social history of Portugal that the ladies of the land attended the opera wearing black. Custom in Portugal decrees black for grand evening occasions, but as the Queen usually wears pastels, Government officials commanded that ladies present should also wear them. Chefs de protocol stood at the entrances to see that dress rules were observed.









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**A**N exquisite hand-wrought Indian silver cup has reached 14-year-old Kathleen Kohler, of Gosnells, W.A., as her prize in an international essay contest between children of 57 nations.

The trophy was donated by the Prime Minister of India, Pandit Nehru, as the first prize in the 13-14 age group.

Kathleen's story was "Caroo Mijoo, the Piccaninny," and in order to give authentic touches she took lessons in the aboriginal language.

She is the daughter of Perth sculptor Mr. E. F. Kohler. Her mother is also an artist. Kathleen illustrated her essay with aboriginal figures.

The competition was run by the New Delhi magazine "Shankar's Weekly." It attracted 35,000 contributions.

## Query from Malaya

WE received a letter this week from "a bunch of Australians working at a mine in Malaya" who asked us to solve a problem. They wanted to know if there are two pedestrian crossings on the Sydney Harbor Bridge, and also asked us for a few snaps.

The Department of Main Roads told us there are two crossings, and that the western one was closed during the war and is now open again.

Unfortunately we have no snaps, but if anyone has any to spare, that "bunch of Australians" would be most grateful. Our letter came from Mr. A. Last, 303 Bukit Besi, Trengganu, Malaya.

# Worth Reporting

## Fashion in the gallery

**A** RECENTLY formed Melbourne club, now 500 strong, is setting out to make theatre galleries fashionable for the younger set, and dispel the idea that they are "just the cheapest seats."

Smaller clubs also are flourishing in Sydney and Hobart. They are all under the patronage of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

Secretary in Melbourne is Valmae Harris, of St. Kilda, who said that the Gallery First Nighters' Clubs are inspired by similar ones in London. Sydney secretary is Gwynne Knight, of Turramurra, and Hobart secretary is Dorothy Hodgson.

The clubs also plan to introduce better dressing in the gallery part of the theatre, and generally promote a younger interest in the theatre.

**EAT** your pie before your spinach—that is the latest theory to keep the dentist away.

An American dentist told a meeting of Rotarians that a good way to beat dental decay would be to begin meals with desserts and end with vegetables.

This, he said, would wash away the deposits of sugar ordinarily left in the mouth after a sweet dessert.

## Travel by Mammy Waggon

**TRANSPORT** problems in Nigeria are solved by "Mammy Waggons."

In a letter to friends, Adelaide engineer Bob Foster, who is stationed at Owerri, describes the waggons as trucks with high wooden sides that carry all the African produce.

"If there is room above the load and below the roof," he writes, "they act as buses also. They bear slogans on the front such as: 'Worry not thyself,' 'Leave all to God,' 'Where there is life there is hope,' 'God is the only King,' etc."

"No doubt, mission influence," Bob comments.

## Townsend—"a woman's man"

**A** COLLEAGUE who in Peter Townsend's first mantle, W.A., his first Australian port on his motor tour, describes him as "a woman's man," explaining he has "a pretty mouth."

"Group-Captain Townsend must have learnt a lot of lessons from Royalty," she says. "No one could have been more charming and said less."

"His attitude was, 'I am a nobody. Why are you bothering about me?'"

Our colleague adds: "From a woman's point of view, Peter came as rather a surprise. He is shorter than one would have guessed, and has small-looking hands and feet."

## NEW CONTEST

● Remember that odd encounter, that strange experience that no one would believe but which was true?

**THAT** experience could win you the main prize of £10 in our new contest, "Strange But True," or an award of £2 for each other entry printed.

Simply write an account of it—no longer than 250 words—and post it to "Strange But True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their relatives are not eligible to enter.

The first winning entries, together with the winners' names and addresses, will appear in next week's issue.

# 'Dog Talk' Contest No. 16



"Dog Talk" No. 16

● The glum-looking Yorkshire terrier pictured at left makes the 16th in our amusing "Dog Talk" Contest series.

**BRIGHT** captions to describe what you think the terrier is saying can win prizemoney totalling £100—one award of £50, three of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

Results of "Dog Talk" Contest No. 16 will be announced in our issue dated April 10.

First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 13 was awarded to Mrs. J. Argue, c/o Pembroke, Cassilis, N.S.W.

Mrs. Argue's entry was, "My dear, it IS a grey hair!"

**£10 prizes to:** Mrs. K. Foote, 107 Devonshire Rd., Sunshine, Vic.

"Smells nice, doesn't it, dear? Just a dab on each ear."

Mrs. E. E. Eastley, South Riana, Tas.

"It doesn't matter, dear. I had measles years ago."

Mrs. A. Byers, 7 Cory St., Oakley, Qld.

"There's a hacksaw in the currant bun."

**£5 prizes to:** Mrs. M. A. Rickard, 24 Padley St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

"Don't worry, dear. I'll send for you as soon as I get a job."

Mrs. G. E. Nicol, 29 Harrison St., Ringwood, Vic.

"I've got the rods and bait if you can only sneak out now."

Mrs. G. Isbister, 34 Denbeigh St., Cairns, Qld.

"I will whisper because I

don't want the children to hear."

**£1 prizes to:** Mrs. E. Spearman, 340 Crown St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

"I thought as much! Lipstick on your face!"

Perle Treweek, 9 Latrobe St., Mentone, Vic.

"Now just remember, dear, Mother knows best."

Mrs. R. Hodgkinson, 93 Dunmore St., Bexley, N.S.W.

"It's only an eyelash. Try blowing your nose."

Mrs. D. Greene, 41 Cawwell St., Malvern, Vic.

"She asked me not to tell a soul, so you won't, will you?"

Mrs. C. Honeyman, 23 Dee Why Pde., Dee Why, N.S.W.

"Nonsense, darling, I LOVE freckles."

"My dear, it IS a grey hair!"

"There's a hacksaw in the currant bun."

**£5 prizes to:** Mrs. M. A. Rickard, 24 Padley St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

"Don't worry, dear. I'll send for you as soon as I get a job."

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"I've got the rods and bait if you can only sneak out now."

Mrs. G. Isbister, 34 Denbeigh St., Cairns, Qld.

"I will whisper because I

don't want the children to hear."

## CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.

2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon at right.

3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 16 will close on MARCH 25. Winners will be announced in our APRIL 10 issue.

5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

**ENTRY COUPON**  
The Australian Women's Weekly  
"Dog Talk"  
Contest No. 16.  
March 20, 1957



# Nothing else gives you the same concentrated washing energy as

# Trix!



CONCENTRATED  
ENERGY  
FOR WASHING-UP



UNTIL you wash-up with Trix, you'd never believe that washing-up could be so quick, so thorough, so utterly efficient. With ordinary soaps and powders, you have a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But Trix is non-sudsing—it's all concentrated washing energy! It instantly dissolves grease, then absorbs the greasy particles. It leaves the dishes so very clean, with no streaking, no greasy film—and no germs! Better still, when you use Trix you can throw away that tea towel (it's another germ-carrier). Just stack the dishes—and they dry sparkling-clean, hygienically clean, Trix-clean. See for yourself!

**NO DRYING-UP!**

TRIX doesn't waste its energy in useless suds that "joy-ride" on top of the water. The concentrated washing energy of Trix stays deep down in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out REALLY clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds smother or slow down the free "swishing" action. With Trix there are no heavy suds—it's all energy, concentrated washing energy. Next wash-day use Trix (and Trix alone!) in your washing machine. Then see the difference—whites twice as white, coloureds twice as bright! P.S. Many a washing machine has been put out of action by suds billowing over into the mechanism. It's safer to use Trix—it's "non-foaming."

CONCENTRATED  
ENERGY  
FOR WASHING-MACHINES



**A CLEANER  
FAMILY WASH!**



CONCENTRATED  
ENERGY  
FOR NYLON,  
SILKS, WOOLLENS



WITH all its concentrated washing energy—there's nothing so safe and gentle as Trix. As you yourself know, woollens washed in suds tend to become hard and matted. But Trix-washed woollens stay soft, fluffy and "in perfect shape." Nylons and silks never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for Trix just soaks them clean. Try it. Dip your soiled nylons in a basin of warm Trix-in-water. Straight-away the water will cloud up—proof positive that Trix absorbs dirt and grease out of the fabric into the water! Again—Trix makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum—no harsh powdery deposit to weaken fabrics and give them a dingy look!

**SO SAFE  
AND GENTLE!**



**Insist on TRIX** the non-foaming detergent with concentrated washing energy.



3/3

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Please send free copy of booklet, "Irish Linen in the Home."

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ADDRESS

# TELEVISION PARADE



PRIME MINISTER Mr. Menzies during the telecast of Meet the Press on TCN Channel 9 last week, when he was interviewed by a panel of journalists.

● The eyebrows of the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, have been talked about, discussed, and described in flattering and unflattering terms since he Met the Press on TCN Channel 9 last week.

PAT HART, TCN's make-up girl, indignantly gave the lie to viewers who said that Mr. Menzies' eyebrows were carefully mascaraed, curled, and, indeed, set.

"Mr. Menzies has particularly wonderful eyebrows," Miss Hart said. "All I did was brush them up. I think they are his outstanding feature and shouldn't be camouflaged."

"He is extremely photogenic. I told him so after the telecast when I was cold-creaming his face to remove the make-up."

"Actually, I was surprised that he went over so well. I thought his face was too fleshy, and I used a dark-toned pancake make-up to disguise his double chin."

Miss Hart says men like being made up for the TV cameras. Generally they make some "jolly remark" about it at first, but later on they are inclined to preen.

"Actually, I think a TV make-up girl has to have the eye of a cartoonist when she makes up men," she added. "She has to bring out their noticeable personality, not their good looks."

Getting back to Mr. Menzies, Miss Hart said his make-up took only five minutes—one of the quickest she has done.

Apart from the dark chin-disguising pancake, Miss Hart used normal pancake make-up from the Prime Minister's forehead to the collar of his white shirt; she touched up his ears and highlighted his eyelids with brown make-up.

MORE than 16,000,000 silent cheers saluted the Queen and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, when they landed at London Airport on their return from their State visit to Portugal (see color pictures on pages 8 and 9).

The cheers echoed in the homes of the 16,000,000 TV viewers who watched when BBC-TV, beating their rival commercial station, televised the homecoming.

To make the telecast possible BBC-TV lit up the dark area in front of the airport administration offices where the Royal airliner came to a halt.

The Queen televises well, according to viewers who have seen her, and they said she looked particularly lovely as she left the aircraft.

The telecast finally killed the "rift" rumors that had been circulated round London after an American newspaper story about the Queen and Prince Philip.

The happiness of this united family was apparent to everyone who saw them.

BIGGEST TV news of the week is the telecast cover by ABN Channel 2 of the SEATO conference.

The station is telecasting a SEATO post-mortem on Thursday, March 14, at 10 p.m., and a roundup, SEATO in Perspective, on Friday, March 15, at 7.55 p.m.

SYDNEY'S first television wedding on Thursday, March 14, has brought orange blossoms and white tulle right into TCN Channel 9, which is televising the wedding from All Saints' Church, Woolahra, at 4 p.m.

The bride is Margaret Marshall, TCN's film librarian, the groom Peter Benardos, a TCN producer-director.

Margaret, wearing white satin and tulle, will be attended by bridesmaid June Penrose and page boy Peter Mondel.

The telecast, which will include the bride's arrival, the ceremony, and the departure of the bridal party, will be on TCN's Women's Magazine "Home," which starts at 3 p.m.

FIRST BIG ISSUE!

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WHY PAY MORE?





"You really found someone who wants to see our holiday pictures?"



"I was going to get some new lino for the kitchen, more cups, and stuff for curtains . . . But Susie needed a school blazer . . ."

# It seems to me

AUSTRALIA'S good wishes will go with members of the "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" company when they depart for Britain this month.

The play finished its third Sydney season last week, repeating its earlier triumphs. It will be produced in Nottingham and Edinburgh before going to London.

I saw the "Doll" twice, and came away the second time feeling as I did about the film "Carmen Jones" — that I could quite happily go to it every night for a week. Let's hope that overseas audiences react in the same way.

There is no reason—except that incalculable element of chance in all theatrical productions—why it shouldn't make a hit abroad. Its idiom is Australian, but its theme is one which could have been used in any setting.

At the farewell to the company, given last Friday by Sydney's Lord Mayor (Alderman Jensen), author Ray Lawler told me that when he first began the "Doll," he had his mind on writing a play which would succeed commercially. He couldn't get this approach to work, so he wrote to please himself.

Incidentally, on the eve of the company's departure, a few people have telephoned or written to the Elizabethan Theatre Trust (which is jointly sponsoring the venture with Sir Laurence Olivier) saying that the play will "give a poor impression of Australia."

This, of course, is arrant nonsense. Plays are not supposed to be "advertisements" for countries. If they were it would be necessary for Tennessee Williams, among others, to stop writing plays.

The American theatre would have to be handed over to whoever creates those beer ads in American magazines—the ones that show the happy, prosperous, good-looking American family enjoying the kind of harmonious life that never existed on earth—and would be a hideous bore if it did.

TALKING OF Australians and the theatre, Cyril Ritchard is nowadays practically the king of Broadway.

A letter this week from America describes the brilliant success of his roles as producer and lead of Gore Vidal's farce "Visit to a Small Planet."

This play, a piece of entertaining space-fiction nonsense, is regarded as the hit of all time on the New York stage, eclipsing even the sensational triumph of "My Fair Lady."

An indirect tribute to that Ritchard, accustomed though he is to plaudits, will probably treasure was paid him recently by a New York critic.

The critic was praising English actor Paul Rogers (now in Sydney) for his Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida" during the January Old Vic season in New York.

He wrote: "Paul Rogers gave one of the cleverest comedy characterisations I have ever seen. Even Cyril Ritchard would envy his Pandarus."

Ritchard, by the way, is in his 59th year.

By



Dorothy Drain

STUDYING the fashion advertisements for the coming season I've been interested to observe that models are wearing smiles again.

For a while the haughty look of the high-fashion model appeared to be spreading to the retail trade.

The very highest of the high-fashion models, those that adorn the shiny magazines, seldom smile. Their expressions range from the blankly bland to the contemptuous.

This cult has made life difficult for many a mother of teenage daughters. What is the use of saying, "Smile, dear. You look so much nicer when you do," when a youngster learns that high cheekbones and an air of distaste for fellow creatures can put her in the super-tax bracket?

Last week, running through the ads in a daily paper, I counted 14 smiles and four smirks. Only one girl looked actually haughty. She was modelling a fur jacket.

The widest and prettiest smiles were worn by three girls displaying brassieres. No wonder they smiled. They were carrying umbrellas.

Any girl who walks about in a brassiere and slip while carrying an umbrella might seem, if solemn, to lack a sense of humor.

\* \* \*

A LIFE-SIZE kookaburra equipped with a recorded laugh is mounted in a window of the N.S.W. Government offices in the Strand, London. The laugh caused a traffic jam in the lunch hour.

A worthy successor, indeed, to that nightingale who sang in Berkeley Square.

\* \* \*

MR. GEORGE WIGG, a Labor member of the British House of Commons, called the Defence Minister (Mr. Duncan Sandys) "a fathead, a bighead, and a blockhead." The Speaker, ruling that Mr. Wigg used expressions which members should not use to each other, said, "We must remember we are human beings."

*Dogs bark and tigers snarl, but we, sir, we can call each other names and so, you see,*

*Superior, articulate, and free, Assuage with words our wounded dignity.*

*The words complained of, sir, are somewhat rude—*

*"Fathead" and "Bighead"—uninspired and crude,*

*Yet such as, in a Parliamentary feud, Could be described as only mildly hued.*

*Remember that we're human, sir? We do, For, of the creatures of creation, who Excepting noble man—and woman, too—Is armed with speech to thus express a view?*

## Fragrant loveliness

Superlative creation of Richard Hudnut, the exquisite fragrance of Gemey perfume is the keynote of all Gemey beauty aids. Make-up with Gemey, and flatter your complexion with super-fine, clinging loveliness . . . enhance your personality with an unforgettable fragrance . . . be doubly enchanting.



Whichever type of make-up you prefer . . . Gemey "Flatter-face" or Gemey face powder will bring you a new, entrancing complexion loveliness . . .

Be doubly enchanting with

# Gemey make-up

## Gemey "flatter-face"

POWDER AND FOUNDATION  
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Triple micronised to gossamer smoothness, sensational "Flatter-face" glides softly and easily over your face . . . to give a new flawless look, a new radiance that is so flattering and beautiful. Never cracks or flakes in the case. Four newest shades . . . 9/9



Choose

the make-up  
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SILK-SIFTED . . . VELVETY  
SMOOTH

It's light as air, yet it gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Gives just the right effect to every type of skin . . . dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. Keeps your skin looking its youngest and freshest. Six delightful shades . . . 7/-



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## THE PROBLEM

The Pickerings bought a 1920ish weatherboard home. It had lots of space, but—oh! the woeful taste. The high ceilings were accentuated by high wall panels topped with heavy plate racks knobbily "decorated".

The ceiling (waterstained) had spidgy plaster roses stiffly garlanding its length.

Flaky cream kalsomined walls were panelled by timber, heavily varnished to resemble "olde oake". The worn pine flooring was varnished to match. The window seemed too small for the size of the room.

From this room the Pickerings set out to produce a cheerful room for dining and family activities; on the face of it, not an easy job.

## SOLVED BY C.S.R.

First the jutting plate racks were removed and the walls and ceiling were completely recovered. Cane-ite was used, except for a strip from the bottom of the window to the floor. The lower part of the wall was painted a slightly darker tone, to help correct the overly high proportion of the room. Timbrock hardboard, also made by C.S.R., was used here to take knocks.

The worn floor was covered first with a layer of Cane-ite Lino Base to iron out the bumps, and then with two types of linoleum—one as a central rug and one as a surround. Note that the lino pattern runs the short way—to make the room seem broader. A Timbrock pelmet (built well out beyond the ends of the window) and an unusually narrow table, helps this illusion.

Now you'd never recognise this fresh, bright room for the gloomy one above. The softly textured Cane-ite walls make a perfect background for modern furniture and pictures.

And the Pickerings find they have a bonus, too—though it faces west, this is the coolest room in the house. Cane-ite is the only building board that insulates as it decorates. Any room lined with Cane-ite will be up to 15° cooler in summer, and correspondingly warmer in winter.

If you have a room as unrewarding to live in as this one was, you can transform it, as the Pickerings did. Cane-ite is remarkably inexpensive and extremely easy to erect. Your C.S.R. showroom will advise you on which of the three types of Cane-ite—buff, primed or ivory—is most suitable for your job.

*C.S.R. building materials make your home a pleasant place in which to live.*

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ARRIVING at the racecourse for the second day of the two-day meeting at Yass are (from left) Peter Walmesley, of "Dunedin," Yass, Joanne Waugh, of "Stockdale," Cootamundra, John Miller, of "Settledale," Cootamundra, Robin Rose, of "Bongalong," Muttama, and Robin Lees, of "Kia Ora," Gundaroo. Peter entertained a large house-party.



LAYING A BET with Norman Lanham (left) and Neville White is Gail Goodall, of "Coolibah," Young, while Margaret Moses, of "Gunnible," Cunnadah, waits her turn. Gail and Margaret were house-guests of Helen Campbell, of "Yeumburra," Yass, for the picnic-race festivities.

# Yass Picnic Races

**R**RACING under the MacDiarmid tartan for the first time, Intricate, a chestnut mare owned by the Toby MacDiarmids, of "Burra," Queanbeyan, romped home to win the Ravensworth Gold Cup—the main race at the Yass Picnics.

The gold cup has been presented by Ernest Merriman since 1938 and this year his chestnut Golden Shadow ran second.

The two-day race meeting was held on the tree-lined course about three miles from town. Each day, about 1.30 p.m., a procession of cars stirred up the dust on the road to the course.

THE Allambee Club held their usual cocktail party at sunset—this year in the poplar-lined garden at the rear of the club. And as the sky grew darker, strings of colored lights were lit in the trees and drinks were served on the lawn.

I NOTICED a lot of anxious faces when a bush-fire broke out near Bowning on the first day of the meeting. However, just before the fourth race it was announced that the fire had been brought under control and everybody was able to relax again.

THE Yass Memorial Hall took on quite a gala air when more than five hundred guests danced in formal evening clothes. Early in the evening the trophies were presented by Mrs. Maurice Shannon, all except the Ravensworth Gold Cup, presented by Mrs. Ernest Merriman.

INCIDENTALS . . . two uninvited guests—one at the races, when a sheep strayed on to the track and held up the running of the Mylora Handicap, and another at the ball, when a cow strayed on to the dance floor during supper and had to be removed hurriedly . . . Richard Scammell and Michael Bolger were voted (by the girls) to be the best rock-'n'-rollers at the ball . . . attractive Canadian visitor Mary Harrison, from Vancouver, stayed with her cousin, Narelle Garry, for the picnics.

CLERK OF THE COURSE Jack Maloney talking to Patsy Crago, of "Spireview," Condobolin, and John Betts, of "Cowridge," Yass. Patsy chose an ice-cream-pink linen dress and white accessories for the races.



PRESIDENT of the Yass Picnic Race Club Mr. Maurice Shannon, of "Talmo," Yass, dancing with his wife at the gala ball, which was held in the Yass Memorial Hall.



BUFFET TEA. Sonia Storch, with Tony Bolger, of "Clover Hill," Young, at the buffet tea given for eighty guests at the Yass Tennis Club after the first day's races.



BESIDE THE JUDGE'S BOX are Phillip Last, of "Rawilla," Cootamundra, and Toni Mitchell. Three hundred attended the first day and five hundred the second.



QUARTET (from left), Richard Scammell, Jane Lindsay, of "Cucumgilliga," Cowra, Sally McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, and John Lindsay, admire the Ravensworth Gold Cup, which was presented to Toby MacDiarmid.

Anne





coureurs roulent vers Aix-en-Provence

"BASIN" HAT (right) is made in long-haired creamy beige felt, designed with an open crown. The hat has a lattice-like overlay of narrow black velvet ribbon.

TWO VELOUR HATS (below) showing the new "height" in classic shapes. The deep cloche is rose-red and the pull-on classic is green with a rose jersey drape.



"MUFF" HAT, rounded and bulky (above), is made in beaver and weathed in toning jersey. In Paris, variation on the fur-hat theme is almost unlimited.

SHAVED SWANS DOWN dyed bright blue is chosen for the hat and matching muff (right). The hat is bound with a swathe in a lighter tone of blue velvet.



FUR ELEGANCE in good measure (above) for day. The hat is softer and higher in the crown than it would have been last year; the swathe is matching silk jersey.

## PARIS HATS

● What's news in autumn millinery? The fur hat, for one thing, in every kind of fur — real or fake. There's a comeback story in turbans, toques look new with a softer, higher, or wider crown. A "classic" with height, a basin, and a muff shape are also in the picture. Jersey is the most important trim. Color notes: Mink-brown, beige, right down to cream, snow-white, brilliant blue, rose-pink, and red deepening warmly.



# The new headdress for 6 p.m. and later

● Rather special this new Paris headdress (it's not a hat)—and a fashion to change your look from last season to this. It's elegant with an ankle-length 6 o'clock dress, pretty (as shown here) above a goodly amount of décolletage, and beautiful with furs.



*ROMANCE* after nightfall (above), a chignon hair-do bound and tied with black velvet ribbon. A drop-pearl-and-diamond ornament is suspended from one side.

*CHIC* night view (below) of a highly becoming ribbon-bow hat. This one is made in two-inch-wide forest-green velvet and ornamented with a jewelled buckle.



*GLAMOR* after dark portrayed by roses and veiling. The roses rise to queenly heights, the veil is worn to soothe the wearer's face and hair.





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Cleanse all wounds immediately  
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natural healing. It is THE  
powerful, safe antiseptic. Play safe  
—insure your family—keep Solyptol  
handy.



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to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

HAVING nearly reached my silver wedding anniversary, I feel qualified to voice my opinion on working mothers. I was married at the end of the depression and had to look closely at every shilling before spending it. Undoubtedly the thrifty habits necessary then to some degree have stuck. But I have never felt I need take a job, although my husband, a clerk, has never had a large salary. Our three children have been well educated and our home has not lacked comforts. We have a tidy bank balance because we waste nothing.

Working mothers must spend more on clothes, especially stockings, and haven't the time to make the jams, do the sewing, and grow the vegetables that so greatly help the budget of the non-working mother. But, above all, small children need to know that Mum is there when they come home from school.

£1/1/- to "In-the-Black," Moonce Ponds, Vic.

MY sympathies are with readers who fight the never-ending battle of the bulge. Recently I heard the Alcoholics Anonymous hymn, and I thought if we had a hymn for the fatties it might help. We could sing it at our parties as we passed the cakes, or hum it gently as we entered a sweet shop. I am offering one, but others may have better suggestions.

Here it is: "To hate buns, cakes, and pastry every day. To hypnotise myself along the way. To exercise, and walk a mile, and pray. That the girdle will be trimmer and the figure getting slimmer. This is my goal."

10/6 to Mrs. L. Fitzgerald, Box 188, P.O., Wagga, N.S.W.

IT would be a splendid idea if the telephone numbers of local doctors could be added to those of fire brigade, ambulance, and police shown in public telephone booths. When a doctor is urgently needed it is distressing to find no phone book in the booth, or a book that is so dilapidated that it is virtually useless.

10/6 to Mrs. S. Jones, 91 Kembra St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

I DO not think it a good idea that men should be engaged for door-to-door selling and demonstrating household gadgets. Usually the housewife is alone, and I am sure many, like myself, do not care to admit strange men to their homes. Saleswomen would sell more gadgets, and housewives could enjoy a chat and a cup of tea with them while they demonstrated their merchandise.

10/6 to Mrs. V. Kellon, Box 11, Valley P.O., Gladstone, Qld.

AS a newcomer to Australia, one of the things I have noticed is that although this country has a great deal of sunshine I have yet to see a pram with a linen canopy like one sees in England. Most mothers have the pram's hood up, but surely this must make baby much hotter, as it stops any breeze benefiting the child.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Marriott, 7 Parker Rd., Parkdale, Vic.

WHEN Tonga's smiling Queen Salote went to London for Queen Elizabeth's coronation, she won hearts all over the world and created a vast interest in her tiny kingdom. What outsiders may not know is that Tongans, too, are eager to learn of other peoples. Unfortunately they have little opportunity to do so, because they have no newspapers, and books and magazines are scarce.

As a member of the Vava'u Hospital Board, I should like to ask if some of your readers would be willing to send us old magazines? These would be made available to the hospital patients, who at present have no reading matter. All magazines will be most gratefully received. They should be addressed to The Vava'u Hospital Visitors' Board, Vava'u, Tonga. Thank you.

From Patricia Matheson, Vava'u, Tonga.

### Paying by cheque

I DISAGREE with the friend quoted by Miss Stone (27/2/57) who thought the use of a cheque book leads to unnecessary spending. I have found just the opposite. In paying such things as electricity bills, for which the money is saved and banked, one draws out the exact sum, thus saving the odd shillings which would have just "disappeared" if notes had been drawn to pay the bill. Such sums are small, but they mount up.

10/6 to "Pennywise," Campsie, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

I OBSERVED this problem—and its solution—in the house of a friend. From about 3.30 p.m. her four school-age children started arriving home with the usual request for something to eat. To each of them she gave a piece of cake and some fruit, and mostly there'd be a school friend to be provided for, too. Later they'd be back for more. The system now is that afternoon-tea is served at 3.45 p.m., and there is a well-stocked plate for each child, to be shared with any friend they bring home. Those who aren't on time must wait for dinner; mother no longer has constant interruptions and her budget looks considerably healthier.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. A. McKee, 147 Broome St., Cottesloe, W.A.

● Every family is faced with problems that will pay given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

AN English TV actress named Avis Scott has pioneered a new kind of engagement.

She announced she was engaged to a man whose name would not be revealed until after the wedding.

For this kind of romance, I believe, you put a notice in the paper as follows:

JONES — GUESS WHO? The engagement is announced of Desiree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of —, to a secret fiance. Competitors are invited to guess his identity. The correct solution will be announced after the wedding. The bride's decision is final.

There are snags in the idea, of course.

A prospective secret fiance runs into trouble when trying to get the approval of the girl's parents.

He can't interview her father in the usual way. He has to ring up instead.

"Is that Mr. Jones?"

"Yes."

"I can't tell you who I am, sir. I rang to ask if I can marry your daughter."

### DON'T TELL A SOUL

"What! Are you crazy, young man?"

"No, sir. We just want to keep my identity a secret."

"I see. Can you tell me how you're fixed for cash?"

The bride's father gives his consent reluctantly.



"I suppose it's all right. But it's unusual—most unusual."

From the girl's point of view a top-secret fiance leaves much to be desired.

She can't show him around and indulge her pride of ownership.

The secret fiance, it's true, avoids

the expense of taking her to the pictures.

But he can't get free meals at her place on Sunday nights.

The worst feature of the set-up, I think, is that the couple have little chance to get to know each other.

A long engagement to a secret fiance can lead to trouble.

If a girl can't be seen with her fiance she is soon seen with someone else.

She may forget who her fiance is. The best feature of the thing is its publicity value.

On a radio hook-up a secret-fiance competition can stir up wide interest.

Broadcast clues are given like: "That was the secret fiance eating celery."

It is essential to the success of the stunt, however, that the marriage should take place.

That is where Miss Scott's arrangement broke down.

Without identifying her secret fiance she announced that the engagement had been broken off.

Now there are marks suggesting that he never existed.

He was a good gimmick while he lasted, anyway.





## ***These are Australian:***

in their garden. Possums are of two main types—Bushytails, above, which are grey and the larger of the two, and Ringtails (*Pseudocheirus*) which are gingerish. Both can swing from their tails. Possums may have one or two young at a time. Bushytails live in hollow trees while with their young, but the Ringtails construct a round nest of sticks in dense foliage. The Australian variety is not related to the American, which pretends to be dead when in danger—hence the expression “playing possum.”

**BUSHYTAIL POSSUMS** (*Trichosurus vulpecula*) are strictly vegetarian. They live on leaves, and, when offered, on fruit, bread and jam, or cake. This picture was taken by Dr. Allen Keast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Pridoux, of Parramatta, N.S.W., who feed possums.



**Now! A new wonder formula for  
Australia's most popular shampoo**

# Vaseline

TRADE MARK

## WONDER-FOAM

— the shampoo with the new wonder instant lather.



"I never wash my hair with soap",  
says Victoria Shaw,  
"I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam"

Australia's lovely Victoria Shaw co-stars with  
Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's  
"The Eddy Duchin Story".

- New, improved American formula
- Cleans thoroughly
- Always gentle — now even more gentle
- Thick, rich foam leaves your hair soft
- Your hair is so easy-to-manage —
- and, oh! the sheen you'll see!

Here's why 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam cleans  
faster — and is so wonderfully gentle.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind  
of lather — developed after years of study on  
women's hair care problems. You feel almost  
instantly a thick, soapless foam — rich and fra-  
grant. Tiny, active bubbles work gently on the  
oils of your scalp — will not dry them out —  
but free them of dirt, dust and dandruff.

**Blonde, redhead or brunette?**

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam rinses out quickly, com-  
pletely. No special rinses needed. Your hair  
comes alive with its full natural colour that  
shines through in fascinating highlights. Perfect  
for oily, normal or dry hair and any shade of  
blonde, redhead or brunette.

**'Vaseline'**  
Trade Mark

## Wonder-foam

### Shampoo

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.



Here's the same fragrant 'Vaseline'  
Liquid Shampoo you've always used  
and liked so much, only — if you  
can imagine it — it's better. Now  
in the new, improved formula,  
'Wonder-foam' is at all chemists in  
4 sizes: small 3/3, large 4/11,  
plastic Snip-pak 1/-, and giant  
economy bottle — 8/6.

# 50 ways to stay on a diet

● There is only one way to lose weight: eat less. But,  
as these pages show, there is more than one way to  
make a diet programme easier. Here is a tested, medi-  
cally approved strategy to help you reach your weight  
goal as easily as possible.

**W**HEN you and your doctor  
plan your diet (a physical  
check-up is the important first  
step), admit frankly that you don't  
know if you can stay on it or not.  
You don't. And a guilty conscience  
might keep you from going back  
to him for help when the going  
gets rough.

● A calorie chart is the dieter's best  
friend and critic. Buy two, one for the  
kitchen and one for the road, so there  
will be no excuse for not knowing  
whether you can afford dessert.

● A diary notebook makes a vigilant  
companion for your calorie chart.  
Write down during the day everything  
you eat and its calorie count.

● Set your standards high but your  
sights low. If you'd like to lose 20  
pounds, don't try to lose it all the first  
week. Make 5 pounds your first goal.  
When that's off, try for another 5. But  
don't stop short of the 20 you want  
to drop or disenchantment will drive  
you back to an I-don't-care-what-I-eat  
attitude.

● Dull, flavorless food is the dieter's  
undoing. And here's where a dash of  
lemon can work magic. The lemon  
doubles as dressing and flavoring  
agent, provides essential vitamin C.  
Try a squeeze of lemon on veal, liver,  
hamburgers, as well as fish.

● Be clever with the cleaver and out-  
wit hunger. Slice meat thin and you  
can have two helpings like everybody  
else. As for hamburgers, two small  
ones make a quarter of a pound look  
like a lot more.



● Dieters who are pushed on to the  
waggon usually fall off. Don't go on a  
diet for anybody except yourself. Start  
dieting the moment the urge hits you,  
even halfway through a chocolate  
mousse.

● Drinking and dieting don't mix be-  
cause alcohol stimulates the appetite.

But parties try the dieter's resolve.  
You can be a member, if not the  
life, of the party if you set one tall  
drink as your limit. Keep it full by  
adding water or soda, nothing else, and  
nobody will know you're dieting.

● Enjoy potatoes, sliced thin and  
grilled with hamburger or steak or  
chicken. Half a medium potato has  
just 50 calories, goes further when  
sliced.

● Mix your own low-calorie salad  
dressing with one 8-ounce can of  
tomato sauce, juice of one lemon, 1  
tablespoon each grated onion and  
green pepper, 1 mashed garlic clove,  
salt to taste, 1/4 teaspoon pepper. Shake  
well. Keep in refrigerator.

● Nibblers can keep appetites and  
waistlines in check if there's a supply  
of raw vegetables—carrots, radishes,  
cauliflower, tomatoes—crisping in the  
icebox.

● Resist the impulse to hop on the  
scales the minute you hop on a diet.  
Let at least a week go by. If you've  
been faithful, the scales will show it  
dramatically and encourage you to  
greater effort.

● When dining out, indulge the palate  
instead of the appetite. Choose fruit  
salad rather than the apple pie.

● Have you heard the two best exer-  
cises in the world for weight-watchers  
—shake the head from left to right;  
push yourself away from the table?

● Vary the austerity of cream cheese  
by mixing in a tablespoon of capers.  
Incidentally, one fashionable restau-  
rant seals a pocket of capers into ham-  
burger patties, then grills.

● Improvise with grapefruit—try a  
dash of bitters on it at a Sunday  
brunch, then add a sprinkling of coco-  
nut; bring out its flavor with a squeeze  
of fresh lemon at breakfast.

● Consider the onion. Red, brown,  
white—it's the dieter's friend. Garlic,  
to season meat and vegetables; shallots,  
to chop and mix with vinegar for a  
gourmet's dressing.

● Small servings make a diet work.  
But one chop looks lost on a dinner  
plate. You can achieve an optical il-  
lusion by serving your dinner on a  
dessert plate. Use a small-size goblet  
instead of a bowl for dessert helpings  
and a cup instead of soup plate for  
consomme or bouillon.

● Grilled chicken is a low-calorie,  
complete-protein dieter's bargain.  
Serve it as often as you can afford to.

● Scramble eggs in a double boiler, or  
bake them in a shallow ramekin on a  
spinach nest or atop sliced tomatoes.  
You won't need butter.



**Vegetables and fruit are  
the mainstay of the dieter.  
Experiment with new ways  
to cook and serve them.  
Do your impulse shopping  
at the greengrocers, not  
at the pastrycooks.**



● When you begin feeling sorry for yourself, go out and get the biggest serving of lobster, crab, or prawns you can afford. Even with rich sauce they are low-caloried and make anyone feel pampered.

● Don't let yourself be bullied by your hostess into "just this once" going off the waggon. Be polite but firm. And praise to the skies the low-calorie dishes you do eat.

● Let your scales, mirror, clothes be your guide to how you look, not your friends. One remark—"you don't look thinner to me"—can throw you off the waggon.

● When travelling, if you're not sure where you'll be at lunchtime, take along a plastic bag packed with cold lean meat, fruit, milk, and have a picnic by the road. That way you won't fall prey to the sandwich, apple pie, and coffee lunches at a cafe.

● Don't eliminate fats from your diet completely. Research shows that diets with moderate fat content curb hunger.

● Become an authority on seafood. High in protein, low in calories, it has a luxury feel. Begin meals with oysters, crab, lobster chunks, prawns. Seafood dressing made with ketchup, lemon juice, and horse-radish is cheap in calories, too.

● You'll lose weight and gain morale if you eat a hearty breakfast. The calories you eat in the morning are usually all turned into energy and not stored as fat.

● Grated Parmesan cheese deserves a place on the table along with salt and pepper. Sprinkle broccoli, cabbage, beans, spinach, salads with it and you won't mind serving vegetables without butter.

● Cook meat in wine to improve taste and aroma. Lean chuck, lower in calories than most cuts of beef, turns into a tender gourmet treat when marinated in half a cup of claret or Burgundy. And the resultant "gravy" tastes just fine without thickening.

● Driving is exhausting, so stop frequently for a break, eat some fruit, or drink coffee. By the time you're ready to stop for dinner you won't be inclined to gorge on the specialty of the house.

● Use vegetable juices for flavor and added vitamins. Beet juice spiked with horse-radish makes a delicious dressing for hard-boiled eggs. A can of tomato juice can be used instead of water to thin soups.

● Keep a bowl of hard-boiled eggs in the icebox. When you're starving eat one. Calorically it's cheaper than a sweet soft drink and an egg carries protein.

● Use cream cheese instead of butter as a spread.

**One final word: when in doubt, don't eat it.**

● If you're dieting and going to work, forestall temptation by taking your lunch from home. Take the makings of a salad, raw carrot-sticks, celery, whole tomatoes; some protein—hard-boiled egg, cream cheese, cold meat or cold fish, and fruit.

● Get the habit of chewing food slowly. Take small bites to make each mouthful last. People who eat too fast usually overeat.

● Take the roll or biscuit when you're dining out, but don't eat it until you've finished your meat and vegetables. By then you may not want it.

● If salt has been restricted, add a little at the table, not in cooking.

● Stick with your diet for just 24 hours after the first desire to give up. Your body will carry on if you can get past the first hurdle.

● You can re-educate your "appetstat," that built-in appetite-regulating mechanism, by choosing smaller portions, eating slowly to give yourself time to feel full before taking seconds.

● Try eating salad as a first course. It fills you up.

● Order a prawn cocktail while you're waiting for dinner and everyone else has an alcoholic one.

● Eat fruit-pie fillings but leave the crust.

● A few mushrooms added to carrots or green beans will give them flavor and interest. Vegetables are the core of any diet—might as well make them exciting.

● Skewer cookery makes a little meat go a long way. Marinate lamb, beef, or prawns first in vinegar or lemon juice and herbs—skip the oil.

● Gelatine is another dieter's friend. Cast it in decorative moulds to achieve low-calorie but dramatic desserts.

● If you're invited out and served macaroni and cheese, French bread, and pie, there's nothing you can do except take small portions and eat slowly. Don't give up being careful because you must break over a little bit under pressure.

● If you don't trust your "appetstat" when eating out, order a black coffee the minute you sit down. It will fill you up and take the edge off your appetite.

● Here's a low-calorie salad dressing: 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, mixed with a cup of chilli sauce with a dash of chives if desired. Don't forget the salt and pepper.

● Do you know the soup trick—one that fills without fattening? Take 1 teaspoon marmite, vegemite, bovril, or bonox dissolved in boiling water, add salt and pepper to taste, and sip while hot. Serve iced if preferred. It's calorie free and wonderful as a morning or afternoon-tea snack.



## BIG LUX CONTEST "MY DREAM FOR MY BABY"

win **£1,000**  
for your baby's future

**Mothers! Fathers! Anyone can enter this easy contest**

To help turn your dreams into reality Lux is offering £1,000 — a wonderful start in life for some lucky youngster! You can win it for your own baby ... a relative's ... or friend's. Simply tell us your dream for the baby in a letter of not more than 50 words.

**Special prizes** of £5 grocery vouchers will be awarded to the best letter received each day.

**Special note to Mothers** Whatever your dream, you know how important it is to keep baby's precious woollies soft, fresh and new-looking. For everything that needs special washing care (and that includes nappies), Lux is so safe you'll want to use it always.



### EASY RULES . . . Here's how to enter

1. Contestants must write a letter of not more than 50 words telling of their dream for their baby. The child nominated must be five years of age or under.
2. Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a Lux packet top.
3. Each entry must include contestant's name and address also baby's name, age and address printed plainly on the top of each letter. Send your letter to: "LUX CONTEST, BOX 7059 G.P.O., SYDNEY".
4. £1,000 prize will be awarded to the best letter received, judged on sincerity and aptness of thought. The judges will be: The President of the Infants & Nursery Schools Association, Mairon Shaw, O.B.E., and a member of the Management of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited. Their decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited and may be used as they see fit.

5. Any resident of Australia may compete, except employees of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, and its associated companies, its advertising agencies and their families.
6. The £1,000 prize will be paid into a trust account opened in the name of the child nominated by the winner with a parent, guardian or other person approved by Lever Brothers Pty. Limited appointed as Trustee of the account.

\*Packet tops are not required from residents of Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia.  
Contest starts 18th February 1957 closes at midnight 30th March 1957 and all entries must be received by midnight of that date.  
Winner will be announced on "Leave it to the Girls", 16th April 1957. Intermediate prize winners of £5 grocery vouchers will be notified by mail.



Someone  
didn't

# INSIST ON "SELLOTAPE"



## "Sellotape"

REGD. TRADE MARK

What a catastrophe! A dozen bottles of ink smashed, a footpath stained and a new pair of nylons ruined—all because the man who wrapped the parcel didn't insist on "Sellotape". Make certain the sticky tape you buy is the genuine, one and only "Sellotape" brand. It's the one you can always rely on.

is the consistent brand  
of sticky tape — it always stays stuck

Here's why you can always depend on "Sellotape" brand



When "Sellotape" leaves the factory its sticky surface is just the right strength and it's just right when you buy it in the shop—because each roll is over-wrapped in protective Cellophane. "Sellotape" always comes to you "Factory-fresh"; never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. And because it's "Factory-fresh", "Sellotape" sticks like a limpet to any surface and stays stuck!

For the factory, shop or office: "Sellotape" comes in factory-sealed tins containing 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.



For the home: "Sellotape" costs only 9d. for a 3 yard roll—1/9 for 8½ yards. A thousand uses round the house. Look for "Sellotape" in these gay, new displays.

### OTHER TYPES OF "SELLOTAPE" BRAND TAPES



**New Waterproof Vinyl Tape:**  
Extra strong, clear—the only completely waterproof sticky tape. Ideal for mending plastic raincoats and shower curtains. Keep in ear for electrical insulation repairs. Ask for "Sellotape" Vinyl Tape in 5-yard rolls of ¾" width for 1/6, and 72-yard rolls for trade use.



**Write-on Tape:**  
This special self-sticking tape gives you ready-made labels you can write on with ordinary pen or pencil—and it won't rub off. Use for kitchen labelling, school books. Also for store rooms, shelf-prices and dispensary labelling.



**Cloth Tape:**  
New—self-sticking cloth tape. 6 different colours. Binds books, racquet handles, steering wheels, bike handles. 5 yard rolls, ¾" wide, 1/9. 30 yard rolls for trade use, all widths.



"Cellophane" is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd.



## James Dean in "Giant"

● That remarkable young actor James Dean (pictured at right) brought bristling talent to a harsh film role in Warners' sprawling and colorful picturisation of "Giant," which is based on Edna Ferber's dramatic novel. Texas is the giant of the story. Dean's role is that of Jett Rink, a primitive cowboy who manages to bring in his own wild-cat oil well and become a tycoon. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are central characters in the drama.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, as Elizabeth Benedict, and James Dean, who plays Jett Rink in a key scene from "Giant," which is set on the enormous Renta Ranch on the bleak plains of Texas.



ABOVE. Producer-director George Stevens and stars Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson photographed on a ranch location deep in the heart of Texas.

RIGHT. Informal shot of James Dean in a happy mood. Dean was killed in a car crash in 1955. He was then 24. "Giant" was his last Hollywood film.





Shower Tea?  
Bride-to-be?  
**GIVE**  
**Joshua Hoyle**  
\* trousseau quality sheets  
PURE WHITE OR PASTEL



Dream home essentials—the practical luxury of Joshua Hoyle sheets! Of finest selected cotton, they feel and look lovely as only Joshua Hoyle sheets can. Give pure white, pure cotton Hercules sheets, pastel sheets sets, or miracle-wear nylon and cotton Nyloblend. They're guaranteed 5 years, a glamorous glory-box investment, now and later!

Obtainable from all leading Stores and Warehouses.

**JOSHUA HOYLE**  
\* trousseau quality sheets

Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.  
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney.



**SAFER AID  
TO BABY'S  
TEETHING**

Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders give safe relief from pain during teething. They soothe inflamed gums, reduce high temperature and induce restful sleep. Safe, sure, reliable Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders are best for baby when teething troubles start.

Insist on genuine  
**Ashton & Parsons**  
**INFANTS' POWDERS**

For a free sample of Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders and Baby's Weight Record, send your name and address to: Geigy Laboratories Pty. Ltd., 104-118 Queensberry Street, Carlton, N.S. Victoria.



**for better light**

OBTAINABLE AT  
ALL STORES

# He likes acting more than money

● The whole of British show business is scratching its head about the strange behaviour of actor Laurence Harvey.

**T**HE dashing Harvey, burning with ambition and credited with more outrageous statements about himself than any ten other stars, has in the past year thumbed his nose at Hollywood and a four-year, million-dollar contract.

Why?  
"I want to be a great actor," Harvey says simply.

"They did all the wrong things to me in Hollywood. Put me in armor, the fools. I creaked and clanked all the way up Sunset Boulevard."

Then he laughs disarmingly. Harvey collects enemies like nobody else I know, particularly in London. So it is strange that he prefers living here to anywhere else in the world. The English regard him as brash and too talkative about himself. Too un-English.

But then Harvey is un-English. He was born Mischa Skikne, in Lithuania.

And straightway after clanking about Hollywood in "King Richard and the Crusaders" he turned his back on its first big flock of offers and hurried back to London to appear on the stage in Sheridan's "The Rivals."

The result was a fantastic acting success which had one columnist mumbly grudgingly, "At last Mr. Harvey's talents have caught up with his off-stage peacocking."

By peacocking they mean his blue-geek suits, pink shirts and ties, brown elastic-sided boots, cars, his liking for show and things Edwardian.

The other thing that has kept show-business people guessing about Harvey is his

romance with the coolly lovely Margaret Leighton.

This romance is four years old and was responsible for the break-up of her marriage with Max Reinhardt, the publisher. Despite frequent public acknowledgments from both that they are deeply in love, it rolls on its unfulfilled way with "Maggie" starring on Broadway in "Separate Tables" and "Larry" now creating a hit in a tiny little Chelsea theatre in Wycheley's "The Country Wife."

This latter is the bawdiest play to be revived in London in half a century. It would never get a licence from the Lord Chamberlain if it weren't performed to a club audience at the Royal Court Theatre.

But Harvey is brilliant in it and has theatrical London at his feet. All at a clerk's wage, too, when he could be earning hundreds of thousands

By  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
of our London staff

just by signing his name to another film offer.

The fact is that the tall, flamboyant Larry has just finished a film comedy called "Three Men in a Boat," with Jimmy Edwards and David Tomlinson, and with the cheque he got for this he can now indulge for a while his passion for acting meaty parts on the stage.

Some say that it's a passion even greater than that which he nurses for the tall, willowy Margaret Leighton.

They met at Stratford-on-Avon four years ago when he played Orlando to her Rosalind in "As You Like It."

They are the most unlikely couple I can think of; he,



**BRILLIANT** young actor Laurence Harvey is the enfant terrible of the British stage and screen. Harvey is known in Australia for his film work in "Romeo and Juliet," "I Am a Camera," and "King Richard and the Crusaders."

noisy, inclined to flashiness, naively self-centred, not noted for his tact, but, withal, enormously likeable; she, quietly to the point of gentility, impeccably mannered, having exquisite taste, soberly intellectual, socially top-drawer, and six years older than he. Yet their romance has been a legend in English theatreland since 1952.

Harvey has recently moved out of his Park Lane flat into a miniature mansion in Mayfair, which he has decorated lavishly. Till now he has said: "There just hasn't been time to get married. We both have our careers. There have been so many complications."

Lately he has changed this. "We shall get married in June, when Margaret comes back from New York. The house should be ready just in time."

He looked around his new sumptuous living-room with its bauble-decked curtains, its mirrors, marble, black wall-paper, Georgian cocktail

cabinet. "I hope Margaret likes the place. I think she will. She has exquisite taste."

He has managed to mingle Sheraton, Adam, William Kent, Regency, French, and Italian period pieces in one fabulous antique hotch-potch. His decorating bill alone was around £10,000.

In 1948 Harvey was living above a fish-and-chip shop on tea and twopenny buns. Today he is able to indulge his fastidious taste in rare foods and good wines.

Larry is an expert on both subjects.

Loosely lined up in his screen future are three films, "The Truth About Women," "Out of the Back Door," and "The Whole Truth."

## New romance?

**SOMEWHERE** between these and the stage Harvey may at last manage to squeeze in marriage, though a new rumor is now linking him with model-girl Jean Dawnay, who has just become a celebrity by writing a book.

(The book, "Model Girl," was serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly last December.)

In New York Margaret Leighton rapped tartly, "Larry has mentioned Miss Dawnay often. And you can say I'm very fond of her."

"But all this nattering about them is just too hideous. There is no change in our relationship."

"And if Larry is madly in love with Jean Dawnay, as she is supposed to say, I'd like to hear that from her."

"Did Larry say we'll be married in June? That's news to me. I'm delighted! But I'll probably still be here . . ."

"When we marry we want to have at least a few days of nothing but being together. I did it wrong once before. I married before a matinee."

"Spoiled the matinee and spoiled the marriage."

● For film reviews see page 63.

## Ekberg goes demure

● There is a strong rumor floating around that Anita Ekberg, the Swedish beauty with the penchant for displaying her fabulous figure in daring gowns, is going demure.

**T**HIS talk has seeped through from the set of Anita's new film, "The Most Wanted Woman," in which she plays one of the few full-length roles to come her way so far.

Action, not glamor, seems to be the mainstay of this fierce thriller, in which Anita Ekberg is saved from disaster by a courageous, determined, and handsome detective of the U.S. Narcotics Bureau (Victor Mature).

As "The Most Wanted Woman" Anita conceals her pretty figure beneath voluminous overcoats and dresses that cling like wallpaper and climb high at the neckline.

In one or two boudoir

scenes her negligees are unusually prim.

But even so it is unlikely that she would ever be mistaken for Audrey Hepburn.

It is believed that this new turn in before-the-cameras tactics is Miss Ekberg's own idea and that her aim is to draw attention to her work for a change.

Said director John Gilling, apparently content with everything, "We all respect Anita's wish to develop her talent. If she can act, now is the time to find out."

"She has been doing very well," he sighed.

The stagehands have been waging that Anita Ekberg's retirement from the pin-up field won't last.



**BLOND** Swedish actress Anita Ekberg in a scene from "The Most Wanted Woman," the new film in which she is supposed to favor a dressed-up look.



## Bergman's return and triumph

● The Ingrid Bergman boom is really on. When the Swedish-born star of stage and screen visited New York in January for a brief 33 hours to accept the Film Critics' Award for her acting in "Anastasia," she flew into a heavy barrage of public acclaim.

IN spite of an early morning arrival in a 12 degree cold spell, at least 200 fans and admirers, along with a band of Press, radio, and television interviewers, were at the airport to greet her. A tall chap with an Elvis Presley hair-do said his esteem for Miss Bergman hadn't wavered through the years. "She's the most!" he enthused. "These other cats can't touch her." This hep crack seems to sum up, as well as anything could, the general drift of public thought.

It was Ingrid's first visit to the United States in almost eight years.

When the tall, fair-haired star walked down the steps from the airliner on to the snow-covered tarmac at Idlewild Airport, she showed the durable charm and beauty that has not faded over the years.

In the packed airport Press room the actress sat, poised, dignified, and at the same time warm and witty, in her black Dior suit and bantered with hard-boiled reporters and milling photographers.

It was in and around the terminal that Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, took the color shots at the foot of this page.

Reporters who had intended to put probing personal questions to Miss Bergman either

rephrased them or forgot them altogether.

She denied, however, that she and her husband, Roberto Rossellini, were on the verge of breaking up. They were separated, she said, by geography only.

Mr. Rossellini is making a film in India while she is appearing in Paris in the hit play, "Tea and Sympathy."

Americans had labelled Miss Bergman's visit as a "trial balloon" to test public reaction to a permanent return to the United States.

She explained that this was out of the question, due to her family ties. But if she wanted to do a film and it was expedient to do it in America, she would have no objection to taking up temporary residence in Hollywood.

Ingrid balked at only one of the questions. Asked her age, she burst out laughing. "That's a nasty question; I stopped telling it a year ago."

Actually, her age is given variously as 39, 41, and 42.

After the Press interview the television cameras moved in, and when that was over Miss Bergman submitted to taped interviews in French, Italian, Swedish, and German.

At the end of the last interview she glanced at the departing technicians and cracked: "Now we need one interview in Chinese."

The occasion for which the star had returned was the annual dinner of the New York Film Critics at Sardi's famous restaurant.

Also receiving awards at the dinner were actor Kirk Douglas, director John Huston, producer Michael Todd, and S. J. Perelman, the author.

**LEFT.** Fashion shot of actress Ingrid Bergman taken in Europe just before she left for that quick flight to America.



INGRID BERGMAN, tall, graceful, and mink-coated against the cold New York morning, waves a greeting to the crowd on arrival from Paris for a brief visit.



TENTATIVELY Miss Bergman eyes off massed photographers as she begins hectic 33 hours in the city. She received intensive publicity usually reserved for royalty.



MISS BERGMAN carries on spirited Press interview, showing as much wit as beauty. Sceptical journalists walked away to write enchanted of her radiance.



**Colinate** your hair  
and make it silkier, softer  
and so easy to manage . . .



Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff. Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Price: 3/9



**COLINATED**  
Coconut oil Foam  
**SHAMPOO**

**KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY**

Velmol keeps the most unruly hair in place all day without looking stiff or greasy. Your perms and home-sets will last longer when you "damp-set" with Velmol. Velmol is a tonic as well as a hairdressing—prevents dandruff, too. Give your hair that well-groomed look with Velmol. Price: 2/9 a bottle at any chemist or store.



**VELMOL**

THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESSING



It just isn't in the race! Too tired to tag along, too miserable to even comb its hair. Isn't it a mess? But some bright morning soon it's going to wake up to all the fun and food value in a big rustling-crisp breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And then—**whiz bang!**—you just won't be able to see it for dust.

**DO YOU NEED  
QUICK ENERGY?**

If you're always tired . . . missing out on fun . . . maybe it's time you were enjoying Kellogg's Corn Flakes, world's favourite energy breakfast, too!

# Captains courageous



**PETER FINCH** has one of his most dramatic film roles as Captain Hans Langsdorff of the German pocket-battleship Graf Spee in "Battle of the River Plate." Langsdorff had to flee from the British cruisers and later scuttled his ship.



**JOHN GREGSON** as heroic Captain Bell, whose mission was to draw to Exeter the Graf Spee fire. Repeated salvos caused heavy casualties. Soon Exeter was reported "no longer serviceable as a fighting unit" and retired from the action.



**BATTLE STATIONS.** Captain Woodhouse (Ian Hunter), left, and Commodore Harwood (Anthony Quayle) at battle stations on the bridge of H.M.S. Ajax as the cruiser speeds in to draw the fire of Graf Spee from Exeter in a stirring film sequence.

★ A thrilling British Naval action of World War II that was played out against the clock is re-enacted in "The Battle of the River Plate" (J. A. Rank).

It tells of the hunting down of the speedy, heavily armed raider Admiral Graf Spee, the pride of the Third Reich, by three out-gunned and out-ranged cruisers of the Royal Navy, H.M.S. Exeter, Ajax, and the New Zealand ship Achilles.

It is the story, too, of the gallant men who took part in that epic encounter. Star Peter Finch plays Captain Hans Langsdorff, humane commander of the Graf Spee and veteran of Jutland, and John Gregson is Captain Bell of the Exeter.

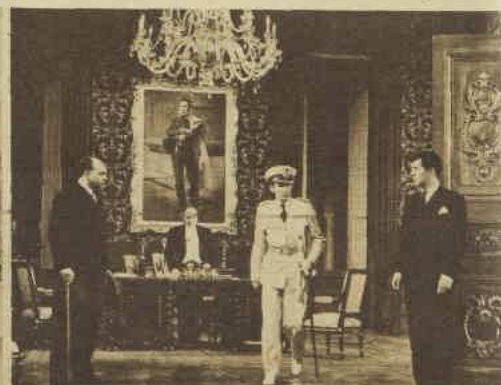
Others in the company are pictured on this page. The film is in color VistaVision.



**ANTHONY QUAYLE**, the distinguished Shakespearian actor, makes one of his rare screen appearances as Commodore Henry Harwood, the overall commander of the River Plate attack against Graf Spee.



**BERNARD LEE** plays Captain Dove, whose tanker African Shell was sunk off the Portuguese East African coast by Graf Spee. For some time the skipper was the sole prisoner on board the German vessel. He came to admire the raider captain.



**ULTIMATUM.** Captain Langsdorff (Finch) and Dr. Langmann, left, the German Minister, take leave of the Uruguayan Foreign Minister. The latter has told them the Graf Spee must leave Uruguayan territorial waters within 72 hours.



# The American woman



THE HAPPY WIFE.

THE MATURE WOMAN.

THE TEENAGER.

## The smaller her waist the bigger his income

Women all over the world envy the American woman and want to be like her, says world-renowned anthropologist Margaret Mead.

**B**UT from an exhaustive survey which appears in the famous "Life" magazine, the American woman appears to have a very poor chance of happiness.

Life International has devoted a double issue of their magazine to a most comprehensive study of the American woman. On sale in Australia now, the issue deals with American women as the modern phenomenon they are.

Their past and their future are probed by famous writers, anthropologists, psychiatrists, and others in this fascinating study.

This new survey, in which her achievements and troubles are studied by expert appraisers, strips away her privacy and takes you right into the heart of her life.

There are 60,000,000 adult women in America today.

Add to this number 6,000,000 teenagers; and "Life's" picture of today's American woman begins to take shape.

### Lipstick wins

**A**T 13 the teenage girl is torn between blue jeans and petticoats. The girl wins from the tomboy. First signs of the victory are lipstick and the taking over of the family telephone.

Still at school, her weekly allowance is two dollars (about A18/-), which is spent on riding lessons, goldfish, and hair lacquer. In a new nightly ritual she sets her hair.

Miss Average American Teenager sets bangs in front (using 14 bobby-pins), arranges the back in an elaborate criss-cross ducktail which looks as casual as a boy's haircut.

She goes for necklets, earrings, hairbands, but has no nose for perfume.

And so she grows up and joins the army of women who work. Today there are 22,000,000 working women in the United States, holding one third of all the jobs in the nation.

Miss Average American joins the 11,000,000 single girls in this army of workers.

At the last census, women were represented in every job category shown. They work as executives, engineers, cab-drivers, furnace tenders.

But the largest occupation field for women is clerical work, and the best-paid job in the field is that of private secretary. Teaching is the most popular professional career for women.

At 20 she chooses her husband.

### Marrying age

**M**ATURED to the marrying age, the average American woman presents a pleasing picture. She is 5ft. 4in. tall, weighs 8st. 10lb., has brown hair, blue eyes, a 25½in. waist, 34in. bust, and 36in. hips. She earns about £A613 a year.

The young man who rates highest with her is the business executive. Next highest is the engineer, third in line a doctor.

Of the thousands of girls interviewed, only 1 per cent. demanded handsome husbands with sex appeal. Above all they wanted a man to be a good provider. Stinginess was second only to rudeness as an undesirable male quality.

The girls were asked to name the man in public life who best represents the type they consider a good marital catch.

First type was crooner Perry Como. Other public figures mentioned as good husband prototypes were, in order of choice after Como: Movie stars William Holden and Rock Hudson; President Eisenhower and actor Tab Hunter (tied for fourth); actor Tony Curtis and singer Elvis Presley (tied for fifth); actors Marlon Brando, Jeff Chandler, and James Dean, Senator John Kennedy, comedian Jerry Lewis, and Vice-President Richard Nixon (all tied for sixth).

American life exerts pressure on people to excel, to achieve quicker, better, and further than anyone else, according to the appraisal of an Indian diplomat's wife, Shesheila Lall.

Signs of this pressure become apparent soon after marriage when maturity ripens the fear of the American woman's two basic enemies—age and fatness.

She fights against them with the help of most willing allies—the U.S. beauty business. But even with this she has a ceaseless routine of mortification of the flesh.

Statistics show that the bigger her husband's income the smaller her waistline. But no matter how she struggles to retain her youth and beauty, her basic inadequacy adds up to unhappiness. This is proven by the highest divorce rate in the Western world.

One in every four marriages in America ends up in the divorce courts, and according to "Life's" panel of five psychiatrists this figure does not measure the amount of active unhappiness in American homes.

Most startling of their findings, however, is that the American female is losing her femaleness and, to a lesser degree, the male is losing his maleness.

This they believe to be the core of the American woman's unhappiness. And what happens to the happy wife in America? What she does with the most spectacular success is have babies. And in a big way, too. There are 4.2 million born every year, and one million of these are first babies.

Good wives

**A**ERICAN women bring up their families efficiently, are most competent in the home, entertain a lot, and work hard for their community and church.

But at this stage the story gets sad again.

There are 7,600,000 widows in America. Nearly 2,000,000 of them are widowed by the time they're 48, simply because they prefer to marry successful business executive types who are killed off early by the pressure of success.

This double-sized limited edition devoted to the American woman is now on sale at leading newsagents and book-stalls for only 3/6.



## THERE'S AN ENGINE-DRIVER IN THE HOUSE . . .

and three small ones besides—that's how it is at 442 Botany Rd., Alexandria, N.S.W., where almost every day the lady of the house, twinkling Mrs. Johnson, puts her Hoover to work and hangs out the

# cleanest wash of all

### Meet Mrs Johnson at home with her Hoover

In her own words: "Exactly like boiling, that's what I tell the neighbours about Hoover. What other washer would give such a clean, sweet-smelling wash so quickly? That goes for really dirty things, too, like my husband's overalls and children's knockabout clothes. No wonder I still bless the day Dad said, 'Let's get a Hoover!'"



### Exclusive HOOVER 'boiling action' PULSATOR . . .

flushes, lifts, tumbles and turns every single article to wash away dirt and dinginess.

This is a washing machine to satisfy an engine-driver's wife, yet it gently handles pretty things. The Hoover Pulsator nudges out dirt with a deep-cleaning action as thorough as boiling.

### New self-adjusting ELECTRIC WRINGER

Takes everything from a double blanket to a hankie with ease, and carefully squeezes them damp-dry. The control panel has a stop button you can work with your knee or thigh, leaving your hands free.

### POWER RINSE prevents that 'half-rinsed' look.

In half a minute, the Hoover power rinses right in the machine, sending a stream of clean water pumping through and through your clothes, draining away dirty suds that lead to "grey" whites and dingy coloureds.

PRICE 82 GUINEAS or a few shillings a week

# HOOVER

(REG. TRADE MARK)

\* Over forty makes of washers to look at . . . yet one in every four women chooses a Hoover.



There's a Hoover for every home and purse

The Hoover with the hand wringer is still available. Same big tub, same wonderful washing action as every Hoover has. You can put it to work for you for only £66.15.0 or a few shillings a week.



When the wash is over, the wringer fits snugly down inside the washer and the machine rolls out of the way.

HW-44.WW.143E

Page 27





A TIMELY FASHION HINT FROM  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU

Flecks are Foremost  
in Knitting Wools  
this Season

Brown and green flecks . . . blue  
and yellow flecks . . . red and  
black flecks . . . a multitude of  
many-coloured mixtures.

Knitting wools this season  
are brighter, gayer and more  
exciting. The trend is still to  
bulk—bulky, warm jumpers . . .  
thick, soft cardigans.

Knit your winter wardrobe from  
wool. It's quick, very practical  
and you'll be right in fashion.  
Wool wears and wears, goes

happily through wash after wash.  
You'll find your hand-knitted  
woollens fashion-right—and so  
warm.

there is  
no substitute for  
**WOOL**

Inserted by Australian Wool Bureau



# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● To kiss good-night or not is a question that worries both boys and girls. The query common to both sexes is whether the request for a date or its acceptance automatically implies the promise of a good-night kiss.

A BOY with kissing worries typical of many received has written for advice.

Here is his letter:  
"SINCE I have been going dancing, I have become fairly popular with some of the girls in town. If and when I take a girl home I never kiss her good-night, because I am a shy boy. Also I know very little about kissing. Can you help me to break out of my shyness?"

"Shy Boy," N.S.W.  
The only way I can help you is to tell you a few things about kisses.

In the first place, there is no social rule or custom that says you must kiss a girl when you take her home. Whether you kiss her or not depends on what you think about kissing. You may take a kiss from her as payment for the fact that you took her home, or you may want her to kiss you as a token of her affection. Girls actually like boys who kiss them, because they have come to like them more than casually, much more than boys who kiss them because they think they should or that the girls expect it.

This information doesn't help you much, I'm sure, but time will. Relax and enjoy yourself at the dances.

When you are ready to kiss a girl, you'll find yourself in the middle of it before you know you've decided to. As soon as this happens, you'll also find that you know how to kiss her.

"I AM a young girl of 18. I have never liked sports much, but would very much like to learn fencing. Could you possibly tell me of some place in Melbourne where I can learn and then join a club? How would I get in touch with them?"

"Hoping," Victoria.  
You can learn at the Young Women's Christian Association, 60 Russell Street, Melbourne. You should call or write to them at that address or telephone them at MF5341,



## A word from Debbie . . .

YOU'VE got to be clever with your clothes to keep them trim and attractive. And cleverness starts with washing, ironing, mending.

For a start, to protect your out-of-season wardrobe get going with mothballs. Wrap mothballs or naphthalene in material and attach to the wardrobe's ceiling with adhesive tape.

Wash clothes carefully—don't wear them until they have to be scrubbed clean—gentle lather and squeezing through mild suds is kinder to your clothes.

Liquid plastic starch is a wonderful work saver, too. Use according to directions and your cottons are right for at least a month of washing.

When dampening clothes with metal buckles, wrap the buckle in waxed paper. This protects the rest of the dress from rust stains if you leave them longer than expected.

If you're having a mending night at the machine tape a large paper bag, open, on to the end of the table top. Put sewing scraps, threads, etc., in the bag and you'll save a big tidy-up job at the end of the session.

and they will give you all particulars and details of their fencing club.

"MY boy-friend and I are to become engaged soon. As we have both been engaged before and announced it in the paper we were wondering how we should announce our engagement. Does having been engaged before make any difference?"

"Bev," W.A.  
Just announce the engagement in the ordinary way in the newspaper. Your previous broken engagement makes no difference to the conventional announcement.

"I WOULD like to secure a position on board an overseas liner. I have had a college education and also trained at a business college, therefore an office position or something of that sort would be preferable. How do I get such a job?"

"Inquirer," N.S.W.  
Like you, many Australian girls are interested in jobs on

overseas ships. I have a great number of inquiries from girls who ask about jobs as stewardesses, nursing sisters, nursery attendants, stenographers, or switchboard operators on overseas liners. None of these jobs are available in Australia. All overseas ships take on personnel in their home ports and sign them off there also.

The only Australian jobs on ships are for stewardesses on passenger ships which ply between Australian ports. There are no vacancies on these. In any case, all stewardesses employed must be members of the Maritime Stewards' Union, who have many trained members already available.

To answer a further specific query about these jobs: All personnel employed on the Matson liners Mariposa and Monterey are American citizens. No one is employed unless she has this qualification.

separately, I would have been less critical, but the voice of the narrator of "Peter and the Wolf," one Arthur Godfrey, grated harshly after Coward's crisp diction. Godfrey is a big TV personality in the States, but his voice is distressingly American.

"Peter" was written to teach children to recognise the instruments of the orchestra, but it has an enormous appeal for sophisticated adults. Each of the characters is represented by a certain instrument, and it's fun picking out the Bird (flute), the Duck (oboe), the Cat (clarinet), and the other identities in this delightful work.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

THE LP record numbered KLL529 might well be called a musical trip around the zoo, coupling as it does Saint-Saens' "Carnival of the Animals" with Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf."

This particular recording of "Carnival" has been released before on another label (since withdrawn) and I remember that when I reviewed it then I gave it a rave reception. My opinion remains unchanged. It's one of the wittiest, most captivating satiric compositions ever written, and in this instance it has been brilliantly recorded by Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra.

Even though it was taped

several years ago there is plenty of hi-fi to satisfy the most critical. What makes this recording a stand-out job is the inclusion of new verses by the humorist Ogden Nash, which are spoken, with obvious relish, by Noel Coward. It is said that at a meeting between Coward and the recording executive the latter had only to recite portion of the "Elephants' verse and the playwright-actor was captivated. It runs, "Elephants are useful friends, equipped with handles at both ends. They have a wrinkled moth-proof hide; their teeth are upside down, outside."

If I'd heard the reverse side of this 12-inch disc

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 20, 1957

# Stop—and love your "new look"...

skin flattering colour that really clings  
... no streakiness

## Go Angel Face

by POND'S

go sweet . . .

go fresh . . .

go young



## Pond's Angel Face is all new!

... new 'stay-fresh' colour

— glamorous

new pink compact

Never before — a powder and foundation in one, so radiantly fresh as all-new Angel Face by Pond's!

You'll love its clean, natural colour that really clings, never turns shiny. With just a smoothing of its soft puff, Angel Face does beautiful things to every face it touches, and looks fresh hour after hour.

That's because Angel Face won't soak up moisture, won't discolour — Angel Face is triple creamed . . . proofed against streaking from skin moisture.

Choose all-new Angel Face today.

Also available in the "Blue Angel" Case — 5/3.



Easier to hold . . . easier to carry . . . Angel Face in this new pink glamorous compact — complete with mirror and puff. Six "stay-fresh" shades to choose from.

8/6





White daisies on satin-cotton, the skirt swathed into a folded low belt.

NO WONDER

SO MANY WOMEN

ARE FINDING

**Modess**

*Masslinn*

*the finest ever!*

They've found it has all the fine features of Modess with gauze cover—the extra absorbency, the full-length safety shield and side strips inside the cover to give perfect protection at all times. Masslinn — the new cover of this modern-as-tomorrow napkin—is so whisper-soft. For those who prefer it, there is still Modess with gauze.

**Modess** WITH WHISPER-SOFT MASSLINN COVER OR WITH GAUZE . . . . . 2/11

FOR EXTRA PROTECTION  
MODESS HOSPITAL NAPKINS 3/3

Product of Johnson & Johnson • The Most Trusted Name in Surgical Dressings

**VARICOSE VEINS?**  
get all the EXTRA benefits of

**Scholl**  
2-WAY STRETCH  
SURGICAL HOSIERY

Seamless and all but invisible. Exclusive ribbed elastic top gives greatest comfort and relief. Throughout entire length, right to the top, the stocking gives self-adjusting, scientifically accurate support. Ribbed instep gives complete foot comfort. World-famous Scholl Surgical Hosiery is cool, soft, non-irritating, ventilated. Available at Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores and Scholl Depots.

Also — Scholl **NYLON** Surgical Hosiery

# WHITE WEDDING

## Where formality still counts

● Although few brides today keep to the letter of it, the formal white wedding means following strict rules of etiquette.

**M**OST couples dispense with some of the old conventions, such as not seeing your groom on the wedding day, the stag party for the groom, wearing something blue and something borrowed, but there is still enough left to keep most brides and their families in a tizzy of preparations for weeks.

The following outline for a white wedding is a full enough guide for most people, and a modern bride will make her own modifications to it.

### Who pays for what

**M**OST couples rearrange the schedule of who pays for what to suit themselves, but the conventions are these:

The bride or her family takes charge of and pays for: The bride's dress, her trousseau, the engagement and wedding announcements in the newspapers, printing and sending of invitations, printing of Orders of Service, church decorations and music, wedding cake (few brides send wedding cake out to friends these days), wedding reception, cars for guests from church to reception.

The groom or his family takes charge of and pays for: The engagement ring, marriage licence, bride's bouquet, bridesmaids' bouquets, posy for bride's mother, gifts to bridesmaids, fees to clergyman and tips to verger at church, ring, car for himself and best man to church and for self and bride after, honeymoon.

### Star characters

**T**HOSE who have special parts to play in the white wedding are, in order of their appearance in church:

The ushers, selected friends of the couple who agree to get there early and show the guests to their seats; the groom's parents, who go to a reserved right-hand top pew; the bride's mother, who goes to a reserved left-hand top pew; the bridesmaids, who arrive a few minutes before the bride and help to arrange her train; the groom, who gets there as early as he likes (it is a question of temperament) and waits with the best man out of sight until the bride arrives; the bride and the man who is giving her away, usually her father or a brother.

### Best man's job

**H**E looks after the groom, usually going to a party with him the night before, taking charge of the ring, bringing him to the church, seeing to the fees and tips and donations at the church, retrieving the groom's top hat after the ceremony, making a speech at the wedding if asked, helping to introduce guests at

the reception, and customarily making up a party with bridesmaids and ushers later.

### Chief bridesmaid

**S**HE looks after the bride. She waits in the porch to fix the train, keeps an eye on other bridesmaids, holds the bride's bouquet during the ceremony and returns it to her afterwards, and usually goes to her room to help her change after the reception into her going-away dress.

### The ceremony

**T**HE main characters taking part in a formal white wedding have a pattern of positioning to follow which is as much a ritual as the Coronation, and the best person to advise on the ceremony is the minister.

### Formal reception

**T**HE party can be held at home, in a borrowed house, or in a hotel, and usually whoever takes the service is invited along. If the bride has a country home, there is no prettier wedding party than one in a country-house garden.

There's little dancing done at daytime wedding receptions these days. Sophisticated brides find the idea of a dance in the afternoon — which their mothers enjoyed — old-fashioned and comic.

### Refreshments

**T**HE refreshments vary from a champagne banquet to a modest afternoon-tea type of thing.

Today the food is usually laid on a long buffet table and



then replies. There is no need for more speeches unless there is a guest keen to make one.

### Receiving line

**T**HIS is composed of star characters who should get to the reception first and post themselves to receive guests in this order: the bride's mother, the bride's father (since they are the hosts), the groom's mother, the groom's father, the bride, and groom.

Parents are not expected to do more than shake hands graciously and perhaps introduce Aunt Clara to the other side of the family who have not met her yet.

The rest of the introducing at the reception is done by

**Continuing LADY BEHAVE, By**

**leading London columnists  
ANNE EDWARDS and DRUSILLA BEYFUS**

guests help themselves. Whatever staff there is are lined up behind the table to dispense the tea or soft drinks; champagne and cocktails are usually handed round on trays.

The bride cuts the cake and this is handed round, too.

If the reception is held in the morning, the meal is usually a fork luncheon with wedding cake.

Note: Champagne is the traditional drink at weddings for those who can afford it. Some people compromise by serving enough only for the toast. Most provide cocktails and soft drinks as well.

### Speeches

**T**HE order of speeches is that the toast to the bride is first made by an old friend of the family (often the best man), and the groom

ushers, best man, and various old friends of the family, although it is not part of wedding reception etiquette for a hostess to see that everybody meets everybody. Whoever are the hosts stand in the receiving line, whether they are divorced or not.

### Divorced parents

**W**HERE there is a divorce in the family, the arrangements depend on how friendly feelings are. Most couples dodge the embarrassment of having surplus parents on display by arranging for them to come as distinguished guests, if possible.

### Children

**C**HILDREN are part of the white wedding scene. They go along to church if they can be relied upon to

behave, wearing best party clothes, and to the reception.

Since they usually get bored, especially during the speeches, one of the best ideas for managing children at a big wedding is to give them a corner or an ante-room with their separate table, where they can all have a party of their own.

### Photographs

**A**FTER the ceremony, and before going on to the reception, the bride and groom—or the whole bridal party—go to a photographic studio for a formal pictorial record of the occasion.

Others prefer to hire a "candid" photographer to cover the whole event, from the time the bride arrives at the church till the couple leave for the honeymoon.

### Going away

**A**FTER circulating among the guests for a couple of hours, the couple leave to change into their going-away clothes. Usually a sister or girl-friend goes with the bride to help her change.

As for the bouquet, it can be saved in one piece for someone special, or the bride gives it away at this moment in bunches to her friends.

### The wave-off

**C**OUPLES can count on the traditionally gay send-off. In spite of all protests they are bound to find that someone has bought confetti and distributed it to friends to throw at the departing pair, and the chances are that the funny man of the party will chalk "Just Married" on the back of the car.

**NEXT WEEK: Making a Wedding Speech.**



# A lift into COLMAR

Second instalment of our serial by **EDITH PARGETER**



TO escape the attentions of youthful HILARY PRESCOTT, JONATHAN CRAIG leaves England for a motor tour of France, but Hilary follows. Jonathan is stopped on the road by a beautiful red-headed French girl, MARIANNE BECHER, who asks for a lift into the nearby town of Colmar.

Lunch at a roadside cafe is abruptly ended when, at the sound of a car drawing up outside, Marianne vanishes through the cafe's rear door. Unable to find her, Jonathan drives off, but before he leaves he overhears the driver, JOHANN EISINGER, inquiring for a girl who answers Marianne's description. Once away from the

cafe, Marianne emerges from the back seat of Jonathan's car, where she had been hidden. Watching the road through binoculars, Eisinger sees her, and when Hilary, relentlessly trailing Jonathan in her sports car, turns up at the cafe, Eisinger tells her that his fiancée, with whom he has quarrelled, has driven off with Jonathan. He suggests they follow in Hilary's car. With Jonathan and Marianne in sight, Eisinger slides to the floor, points a gun at Hilary, telling her to overtake and wave as they pass.

She obeys, and Eisinger, now pressing the gun against her ribs, orders her to continue at full speed along the road to Colmar. NOW READ ON.

**T**HE cafe-bar A L'Etoile lay off the main road at a corner where it was joined by a small field-track, about two miles out of Colmar.

It was not the kind of place where Hilary's escorts ever took her, and she felt that even her indulgent father would not have approved if he could have seen her drive in through the peeling rear gate into the bare and dusty yard, and there stop the car and shut off the engine.

She had even thought of ignoring the order to turn in, and putting her foot down harder than ever on the accelerator, but the gun had a way of pricking up its barrel like a cobra in her companion's hand, and there was not even another car on the road just then to provide a witness.

She was not going to wreck the car without some sort of guarantee that there was something to be achieved by it.

Under Hilary's watching eyes Eisinger drew Marianne into his arms and said, "Don't look as though you'd rather kill me than kiss me."

Moreover, the man beside her was large, active, and physically extremely capable, whatever his possible weaknesses of character might be. He could drag her out of the seat with one hand and steer the car with the other, she suspected, if she tried any tricks.

And, most persuasive of all, she felt a formidable disinclination to humiliate herself by attempting an attack foredoomed to failure. Better to save herself and to nurse her powers until a real opportunity offered.

The house was two-storied, of brick covered with a peeling ochre plaster, with a jumble of outhouses huddling behind it, and a parched kitchen-garden extending beyond these.

A high wall hid the yard from the road; the car could lie here out of sight for days, just as an unwilling guest could disappear into the house and never be heard of again.

Wild thoughts of kidnapping and ransom demands passed for a moment through Hilary's head, not so

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**Instant acting!**  
**Non-drying!**  
**Fabulously mild!**



## MARVELOUS SHAMPOO

**A wonderful shampoo for normal and dry hair**

Preserves your permanent—protects your tint! A shampoo so gentle you needn't have the slightest worry about it swelling your hair and making it porous (the reason you lose your wave).

A single rinsing billows up so quickly, rinses out so completely, it releases every springy tendril, leaves your hair naturally soft and shiny and so manageable. Deliciously fragrant with the scent of spring flowers.



Creation of **Richard Hudnut**

M21.102



# Lucky Donovan's News

**H**OW Lucky Donovan came by his Christian name I never really knew, but, as far as I remember, he was never known by any other.

Lucky was a sort of general handyman on my uncle's property. He was far from young, nor was he imbued with a frantic zest for work, as I recall, but he was part of the place and a big part of the reason why I loved my frequent holiday visits to the northern country.

He told the best stories I'd ever heard, and I always went back to the city with a store of wonderful lies in my head that did big things for my standing with the boys at school. He told other stories, too—truer ones, perhaps—which endeared him to me in some rather inexplicable way.

"Did you ever get married, Lucky?" I asked one morning when he walked into the kitchen while I was finishing my breakfast.

He ran his fingers thoughtfully over the silver stubble on his chin. "Reckon I always missed the bus somehow," he answered regretfully. "Never did seem to get round to asking at the right time."

He paused, and I knew something was coming. Lucky never could resist the lure of the past. "There was one girl," he said. "When we were kids we used to be always together. Used to hunt for mudlarks' nests under the bridge—things like that."

"Yes?" I prompted.

"Well, I cleared out with a shearing outfit when I got on a bit and didn't think about her again until a few years later, and then I went back. I looked around a bit and darn me if there wasn't still a mudlarks' nest under the bridge."

"But what about the girl?" I asked.

"Well, she was married and all set up on a nice block with twin boys and another one to come."

"Bad luck!" I told him.

"Drink up your milk," he said, and then, looking at the table: "That's another thing—milk in a tall brown jug, and cream in a white one with blue bands on it."

"What about the jugs?" I asked.

"Nothing about the jugs," he said, with a distant look in his eyes. "But there was a girl on a place where I worked once and she used to put the jugs on the table every morning at breakfast. Brown eyes she had, and cheeks that were all kind of rosy, and I'd look at her and wish I could say something."

"Didn't you?" I asked, watching the fascinating gap in his front teeth.

"Then she'd go away," he went on, "and I'd still be wishing I'd said something. I never did get round to it."

I was silent in sympathy. Somehow I saw Lucky with his stubbly beard and gappy teeth, pouring milk from a brown jug, and not being able to say the things he wanted to say.

I picked up a magazine that was lying on the end of the table. There was a page in it foretelling your future by the stars.

"When's your birthday, Lucky?" I asked, more because

I thought he was looking sad and in need of diversion than for any other reason.

"Next month—the sixth. Why?" he answered.

I read importantly from the magazine. "It says that your stars are very propitious—that your best day is Thursday and you should take advantage of it."

"What's propitious?" he asked casually. Lucky didn't like to admit that he didn't know things. He was an avid reader of romantic novels from the local library. Otherwise, he never even looked at a daily paper. In any case, I wasn't too happy about the word myself.

"There's a dictionary here," I said, and after a lot of false starts we found the word.

"Favorable," I told him; "gracious and merciful, it says. I suppose it really means lucky—just like your name."

"Well," he said in a pleased voice, "I guess that's pretty good. They wouldn't print those things if they weren't true, would they?"

"No," I answered, a bit doubtfully. "It says that violet's your lucky color."

"Violet," he said wonderingly. "Now I reckon that'd be a hard color to come by."

My uncle was in the shed, talking to the boss of the shearing outfit, which was due to start work at our place the next week. I knew Joe Beavers—we'd had the same outfit for a few years now and I was nearly always there at shearing time. Lucky usually acted as their rouseabout and sometimes they let me in on it, too, and it pleased me mightily when they said I was a pretty good hand with a broom.

I loved the shearing and I don't think Lucky minded it, either. The men were good company and they always took him into the town with them when they went in for a drink.

They had finished talking and were just moving away when I remembered.

"Lucky stars are propitious," I told them.

My uncle looked amused. "I hope mine are, too," he said. "I don't like the look of the weather."

Lucky shuffled about a bit. "I've got to take advantage of Thursday," he said. "That's the day after tomorrow."

Joe Beavers grinned. "What's on your mind, Lucky?" he asked. "Love or money?"

Lucky looked up eagerly. "Well, there's that lottery in the city. I've got a couple of days coming to me, Boss, and I could be back by Monday."

"You've got a couple of days up your sleeve," my uncle agreed, "but why not send for a ticket by mail—it's years since you've been to the city."

"It wouldn't be the same," the old man said. "It's me that's lucky. Anyway, I don't trust those mails too much."

"All right," my uncle told him, "but see you're back by Monday."

I thought Lucky might like something nice to wear to the city, so I offered him a bright green tie I'd brought up with me.

He shook his head regretfully. "It ain't the right color—violet they said, didn't they?"

It wasn't easy, but in the end I got him a scarf from my



**With all those mascots how  
could he lose? . . . a short  
story by Australian author**

## ADRIEN HILLIER

aunt. It looked as I thought a violet scarf should look, and he tucked it into his best striped shirt.

He always carried a cracked little leather purse, and when he said goodbye to me he patted it doubtfully.

"Just about enough for the rail fare and the ticket and a night or two at a pub," he said, "but it'll do."

"Yes," I told him. "You'll be rich soon."

He smiled gleefully. "This time I won't miss the bus. You never want to do that—you just want to make up your mind and stick to it. Now—what would you like me to bring back for you?"

"That model aeroplane I told you about," I said promptly. "But you mightn't win the lottery."

He winked at me. "I'll win it, all right. They don't print these things for nothing. All I've got to do is look after my luck—not walk under ladders and things like that."

I went to the station with him in the truck. Mick Dobson drove, and between us we gave him a rousing farewell.

"Bet you stay at the Morning Star," grinned Mick. "It'd be the only city pub you'd know."

At the last minute I gave him a piece of blue glass. "I reckon this is lucky," I told him. "I had it in my pocket when I fell out of the big tree and it didn't even hurt."

"I won't forget your aeroplane," he promised as he took it.

I was excited all the weekend and when Monday morning came I went down to the shed early to watch the shearers setting up their gear.

"Lucky'll be here on the morning train," I told them. "Then we'll know about the lottery."

"When did he buy his ticket?" asked Rexy Martin.

"Thursday," I answered. "That was his best day."

"Run up to the house and get the paper," he said. "The results from Thursday'll be in this morning."

I hadn't even known they printed the results—neither, I'm sure, had Lucky, but I sprinted away with my heart racing madly.

Rexy seemed awfully slow finding the page.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he said at last. "He won it, all right. 'Lucky Donovan, Morning Star Hotel,' it says."

The others stood open-mouthed in amazement. All at once I felt calm and superior.

"That's all right," I told them. "I knew he'd win. So did he. His stars were propitious and he had a violet scarf and my piece of blue glass."

There was a roar of laughter and I felt suddenly furious. "There's nothing funny about that," I said. "You've got to look after your luck and make up your mind and stick to it."

"All right, kid," Joe Beaver said. "We're only having fun. Can you beat old Lucky? I've bought his drinks for years, but just watch me tonight. I'll make a hole in that ten thousand for him."

Rexy looked thoughtful. "When he comes," he said, "what about not letting on we know—let him tell us himself. He'll get a kick out of doing that."

I was pleased with the idea, because I knew old Lucky would love to break the news himself.



"He doesn't know they put it in the paper," I said helpfully.

"Right, then, young feller," grinned Rexy. "Not a word about it from you or anyone else."

"Cross my heart," I said, hugging myself with delight.

The truck got Lucky from the station and he came down to the shed in his old clothes and ready for work just after they had begun.

Rexy helped a lumbering wether through the hatch with his boot and grabbed the next one.

"How's it going, Lucky?" he yelled through the din of the machines.

Lucky nodded morosely and took the broom from me.

"Parcel for you at the house," he said gruffly.

I had to go, because I wanted that aeroplane badly and I didn't want him to think I was ungrateful, but I sprinted

*The boys went off in the truck without even asking Lucky if he wanted a lift and we were left alone for the evening.*

madly, mainly because I wanted to be there when he told them his wonderful news.

The morning paper hadn't quite convinced me, but the sight of the aeroplane would, because I knew he would never have had enough money to buy it if he hadn't won the lottery.

It was a lovely thing with wings as long as my arm, and my heart was very full at that moment. I looked at it there on the kitchen table and remembered quite suddenly the

*To page 54*



## BUSINESS COUPLES...

Does the weekend mean another big wash-day to you?



Don't let it! Relax and enjoy yourselves while your MALLEYS does the wash!



There's no such thing as washday with a

**MALLEYS**

When you both work during the week, you *deserve* to spend precious weekend time relaxing. Slaying over a big wash, lifting heavy wet clothes, takes half the pleasure out of being together. So leave your weekends free for fun — leave the work to your Malleys. It washes, rinses, spin dries and turns itself off *completely automatically*!

Arrange to see a demonstration together — in your lunch hour perhaps, or Saturday morning. You'll admire the smooth, lovely look of the Malleys as well as its superb performance. And remember with easy terms you can instal one in your home *right away*. Don't wait another week to enjoy Australia's own tried and tested Malleys Automatic.

### YOU DON'T NEED A HOT WATER SYSTEM!

Malleys heats its own water, right up to boiling point if you wish • you may choose the *exact* temperature and washing time you require • has safest top loading • no other washing machine can beat its 12-lb. capacity • washes freshest, cleanest, **BEST**, because it pre-soaks... gives 3 thorough rinses... damp-dries your clothes and adds a final fresh-air tumble! *costs less than any other comparable machine*: 171 guineas, or 142 guineas with single dial control. Prices slightly higher in country areas. *Free installation to approved sites, of course.*

### HUSBANDS! CHECK THESE CONSTRUCTION DETAILS

Frame is of 14-gauge steel (the same steel used in today's most modern cars) rustproofed for life • non-rusting alodised aluminium — finest material for the job — makes the basket and tank. Bearings are of sintered bronze, to show less wear than any other type in any other washing machine • a powerful pump gets rid of washing and rinsing water in seconds • built-in heating element can never burn out • whole transmission operates through an over-drive, permanently sealed in oil, there are no clutches or gear boxes to wear out or create service problems.



**MALLEYS**

**Automatic**





A short short story

By OLGA A. ROSMANITH

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

At the gate Amy and Joel exchanged formal goodnights in the misty dark.

till she heard him go out and later start carrying the apples down to store in the cellar.

She heard Ben go off in his old car between half-past five and six. The house had begun to fill with shadows and Joel had evidently got around to turning off the main switch, for no lights would go on. She was finished, anyway, and now it was time to go home.

She could telephone and summon the taxi from the station. But the five-thirty had gone and the nine-twenty was too late.

Before the light failed, Amy washed, made herself up again, and combed her shimmering chestnut hair before the bathroom mirror. She found herself dissatisfied with her charming face and wishing she were prettier.

She took a last look round to see that she had forgotten nothing, then walked out into the drive and seated herself nonchalantly in Joel's car. It was new. So was George's. But this was a young, exciting car—a cream-colored convertible. Life was a strange quality. Everybody had it or they wouldn't be walking about, but some people—like Joel—had so much more of it.

He came out of the cellar at last, locked up the house and came to the car. "Hello, Amy," he said nonchalantly. "Like the top up for the drive back to town?"

"No, thanks. I've got a scarf."

That was all they said till he stopped at her gate and they exchanged formal goodnights. Then he was gone.

Amy didn't sleep all night. The drive home had been both mad and glorious. The stars had blazed in a clear black sky till they reached the misty atmosphere that hung about the town.

Joel had driven as if he were flying, as if he couldn't get rid of her soon enough. And she had watched his profile in the old way, catching glimpses of that beloved line of it as lights flashed in on him . . .

Aunt Phyllis was a private patient and there were no restrictions as to visiting hours. Amy went in the morning.

"Your plan didn't work, darling," she said, concealing her anger from the invalid. "Though I do appreciate your efforts."

"I told him it wouldn't," said Aunt Phyllis, "but I gave in because he begged me so. Now he should be satisfied."

Amy excused herself and went straight down to the public telephone. "Joel," she said, "why didn't you talk to me yesterday?"

"Because you made it so very clear you didn't want me to."

Silence while Amy choked. This was going to be tough for George, but life is for the loving. "Darling," she said unsteadily, "will you please forgive me?"

(Copyright)

# Farewell to the country

AMY Farrar asked her aunt the question visitors always ask at a bedside in a hospital. "Now, is there anything I can do for you?" Aunt Phyllis had said—"nothing in the world, thanks," to everybody up till now. To Amy she said—"Yes, dear. Please go out to 'Apple Acres' and make the house snug for the winter. You know the things we always did—"

Amy cast her mind back three years to that summer which had lengthened into autumn when the apples were ripe and lying on the ground in every deserted orchard.

The sky had been a blue flame and the trees were red and yellow bonfires and she had got a little drunk walking along the roads, breathing the fumes of the fermenting apples like an airy cider.

That had been the year she met Joel. She put her mind back on taking down the curtains, covering the furniture, sprinkling the moth crystals, taping up the windows against the driving snows of Pennsylvania winter and the thaws and the dark beat of rain.

"Isn't it a little early for all that?"

"No. The doctor says I'll be in this cast ten or eleven weeks. You can't fall downstairs at my age. You're the only one I trust not to

snoop, Amy. Besides, you know it all. And in two weeks—it is?—you won't have time. You'll be married."

Then she sighed with pain and weariness. Without further argument Amy kissed her aunt and took the keys of "Apple Acres."

I'm a lucky girl, she said to herself. She wondered to whom Aunt Phyllis would leave "Apple Acres" now. Not to Amy, for her aunt didn't care for Amy to marry George.

She had cured herself of thinking of Joel, so when the station taxi drove up to the familiar gate and she saw him there in the orchard helping old Ben take in the apples, she nearly dropped dead. She paid the driver and then a wave of terrible anger shook her heart. Aunt Phyllis was match-making.

But she didn't know that Amy would not change and this hideous experience would be just so much unnecessary suffering.

Suffering, indeed! Of course she wouldn't suffer. What for, anyway? A stiff-necked idiot who wouldn't marry till she could leave her job because she would be making more money than he did. Pure male ego, she had called it then.

She walked up the path under the apple trees, called out "Hello,

Ben" without looking their way, and took the key out of her bag. But the door into the gracious green and ivory hall stood open. All the windows were open, too, and the perfume of the ripe apples was all through the house—and all through her memory. That memory beyond reason which is not in the mind, but in every beat of the heart.

So Aunt Phyllis had to do this to her. There were apples on the snowy scrubbed kitchen table. She picked one up, found it crisp, tangy, juicy, and finished it. Then another and another.

Then she looked in the refrigerator and found Joel had shopped for things she liked. Eggs, cold boiled ham, butter, French bread, and two quarts of milk. She made herself a sandwich, drank some milk, and told herself, with this stoic intake of food she didn't want, her feeling towards romance was over. Nobody who was suffering about love could eat like this.

She stood with the curtains in her arms peering down through the green web of the trees, studying Joel. This is the last day I'll ever see him, she thought, and I mean to get him out of my system.

If he loved me he would have come back after the quarrel. He wouldn't have held out for me to

ask his forgiveness. He wasn't looking up or looking round. He was intent on what he was doing.

She threw the armful of curtains on the old colonial bed and shut the window with a loud bang, and began to storm-tape the window.

Deliberately she went upstairs to take care of the attic next. The attic went half over the house and it was Joel's room. It had been ever since her aunt adopted him when he was orphaned by an accident at 12. All the story of his life was there.

She stood with the reel of tape in her hand looking at the books he'd added to the bookshelves in the past three years. Radar, electronics, television, aeronautics, aircraft engineering, nuclear physics, astronomy, "Man's Fate," "Tales of the South Pacific," the quantum theory, "The Naked and the Dead"—and about 200 pocket books of a wild and uncorrelated variety of subject matter.

Strange her photograph had gone. Not very nice, either.

Contrary to her aunt's obvious plan they did not meet all day, but both went quietly about the business they had come for. While Amy shrouded the colonial treasures in the living-room, she heard Joel shut the refrigerator in the kitchen. She stayed where she was



# THE PARTY DRESS

*With such loving care Mama made it all by hand.*

By ANN GORDON

**W**HEN school was over most of the little girls ran laughing down the steps, but Claudine walked sedately, holding the invitation carefully in her hand.

She couldn't believe she had actually been asked to the party. This morning, there she had sat, alone and apart—still rather new, still something of an outsider. Now, in the twinkling of an eye, all that was changed. Success had come at last. The invitation proved it.

As she rounded the corner she saw, with a quake of alarm, that the rude boys from the Grammar School were waiting, getting ready to yell things at her when she passed.

"Miss Prim!" they would yell at her. "Touch me not!" And, most often of all—"Frenchy."

She could not understand why they called her Frenchy.

True, she had lived in Leysin for a year to be near papa, and she still wore her plaits tied up with ribbon on top of her head, Continental fashion, and her clothes, carefully made by mama, were a little brighter than the clothes around her; but all this did not make her French.

True, too, she had been born in Jersey, and mama's great-grandpapa had been French, while madame, his wife, had been a mixture of French and Irish; but papa was as English as you please and Claudine knew, having made many laborious mathematical calculations, that by now she herself could not really be French at all.

Usually she bore their insults quietly. Yesterday, even, she would have shrunk timidly by without saying a word in reply. But today, intoxicated by her first taste of worldly success, dizzy with honors, and armed by the invitation's shield, she became all at once both bold and dashing.

Before they could even open their mouths—"Ingrats!" she pronounced in her prim, pellucid little voice. "Sales cochons! Mechants sans-culottes!"

To her surprise, for Claudine had not heard as yet of jungle law, nor of the incalculable advantage to be gained from getting in the first shot, the grinning boys were routed.

Transfixed, mute, embarrassed, they watched their erstwhile quarry stalk past them, nose delicately in air.

After all, she was reflecting with guilty triumph, not only had she heard these terms used upon occasion by great-grandpapa himself but all of them without a doubt were much in vogue during the French Revolution, and, being therefore made respectable by history, were now entirely suitable for a young girl to employ.

The ensuing glow of exultation carried her to the very door of the pastry-cook's shop, owned by Mr. Brown;

and so home. Mr. Brown was, in England, her very favorite friend. His kindness blessed them both, she and mama.

To let him see the invitation before mama was, of course, unthinkable, yet not to let him glimpse even the envelope was hard. She hesitated in the doorway ready to smile at him, eager to let him glimpse the treasure in her hand; but today he was presiding like some benign and rosy deity over his new, magnificent electric mincer and did not see her, so she ran on and turned in at the side entrance, which led to the flat above.

Mama, she knew, would not yet be home; but Gertrude, the plump black kitten with the turquoise saucer-eyes, was waiting anxiously for her, and Rudi, the farmer's dog, old and fat, followed her, blowing and puffing, up the stairs.

As always, she looked swiftly round the room as though to reassure herself that everything was the same.

She liked this room better than any place they had ever lived in since they left the Island. It was so warm and cosy; and fragrant all the time with the appetising smell of newly baked bread and pastry.

She had not enjoyed Leysin because papa was ill; and mama, she knew, was not happy, although she was very gay and sang French songs and made lace mats and crocheted doll's clothes and talked and laughed a great deal.

And, although the invalids were so cheerful and waved gaily as Claudine and mama went their daily walks, somehow the sight of all those bare brown arms lifted in weak but debonair salute from every tiered balcony gave Claudine such a pain of sadness that she could not enjoy anything at all; not the sun on the flowers, nor the rich cream to eat, nor the bells swinging so musically from the necks of the nimble cows.

They had come home after a year, she and mama, partly due to finance but chiefly because papa was definitely getting better and could be left now, as mama said, with an easier heart to the care of the good doctors and of God.

In spite of this, the memory of Switzerland remained all dark.

But this room was truly home.

It was so pretty, with the crimson cloth, so richly fringed and tasselled, that had been great-grand-mama's, spread over the table, and mama's sewing-chair and her beautiful, polished sewing-table, full of glowing embroidery silks and cottons and pieces of cobweb lace; and Claudine's own small rocking-chair near the hearth, and the crimson, padded window-seat where all her dolls crowded animatedly into one corner.

All their own pictures were on the walls. The picture of Jesus knocking on the door and the naughty puppy picture and the Francesca Nativity

and Venus rising from the waves and the framed collection of photographs showing great-grandpapa and all the aunts and mama's great-grandpapa (the French one) and mama and papa on their wedding-day, both smiling very sweetly and holding each other's hands. And on the mantelpiece was the photograph of papa in uniform, looking very brave with all his medals showing, for papa had won five war-medals, which made him a hero, in the days before Claudine was even born.

On the mantelpiece also stood Finaud, the china dog, who was 100 years old at least. His ears were long and purple, elegant purple patches adorned his body, and he had beamed on her for as long as she could remember from faithful and loving black eyes. Sometimes she carried Finaud to the window-seat so that he, too, could look down into the private, paved courtyard where Rudi had his kennel, his ball, and his bones.

And sometimes she dressed up in one of mama's old dresses and played Lorna Doone, with John Ridd (that was Finaud) dropping to his knees before her, or Raleigh, magnificently casting his new cloak before the Queen (that again was Finaud); or sometimes she was Deirdre—before the sorrows happened—with Finaud and all the dolls bowing before her in a tasteful semi-circle.

Today, however, she was not interested in play-acting. It seemed all at once both trifling and tedious to play at courtiers and sorrowing queens, all long ago dead, when the world and parties and life were opening up before her. She dismissed from her mind the poor dead ones and turned to the more thrilling contemplation of the day.

She still could not quite believe she had got that invitation. Until today she had not been a success.

She did not go to the same parties as the other girls, for one thing. Did not, in fact, go to any parties at all. And she didn't know the same things. For, although she had crossed Europe more than once and could ask for bread, milk, or the bathroom in at least four languages, and knew that French trains (deuxieme classe) were the most uncomfortable in the world, that the franc was of little value, but that a dollar was a fine thing to have—yet she did not know sums.

She knew about Finance, of course, and always helped mama with the accounts. She knew there were twenty shillings in the pound, and that a pound went nowhere; that the cost of living was iniquitous, debt was to be avoided at all costs, and that if you must have strawberries out of season you lived on bread and jam for a week.

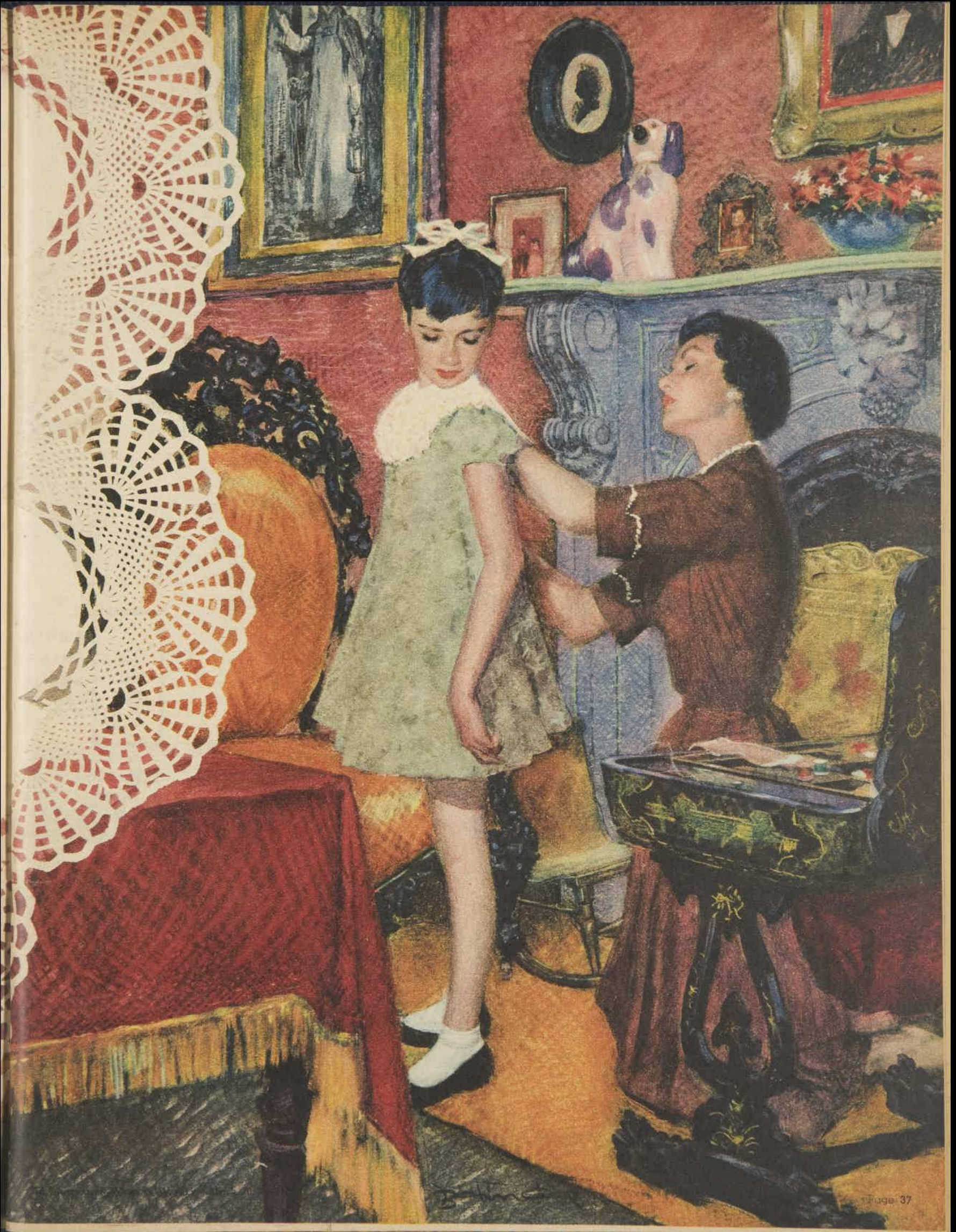
And she knew about Behaviour.

She knew that, in England, you did not speak unless you were introduced; that whispering in public, bad words

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"There," said Mama to Claudine, "it is finished and I am content with it. You look a picture in it and I'm very proud of you."







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## miracle cleanser with exclusive

### "foaming action"

#### cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!



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No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee-stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.



## Continuing The Party Dress

from page 37

(in English), and unkind remarks (in any language) were in the worst possible taste; that if you got lost you merely telephoned for the nearest policeman, and that the first rule of Good Manners was to consider other people's feelings and to offer your seat to old ladies in buses.

But she still was not asked to parties.

The girls in the class were pretty, and led very gay lives. They always seemed to be attending parties. They would giggle a great deal and discuss this party and that party, and practise ballet.

Claudine did not take ballet. Finance, as yet, did not allow it. And when she laughed it was at different things. They laughed when the gardener forgot his aitches, whereas Claudine, who was more travelled and had mixed with all sorts, knew it only meant he had been to a different school.

She was younger than the other girls, and she admired them immensely and wanted to be friends. But she knew they thought her different because she was not gay, and did not laugh at the same things.

Until today.

"What is St. Helier the capital of?" the inspector had asked that morning. And though they had been told twice already, nobody knew. Except, of course, Claudine, who'd been born there. And she had, when invited to do so by the courteous inspector, gone out to the front of the class and described to them the tall, narrow house which had been great-grandmama's, with its white-painted shutters and iron grille, and its window-boxes and tubs filled with pink geraniums.

And then, again only upon invitation, she had sung to them out of her repertoire of French songs. First she had sung "Sur le Pont d'Avignon" in decorous and conventional rhythm, and then she had sung it off-beat and slightly off-key in the way mama had taught her when she was feeling gay.

And then it was time for the inspector to depart. All the little girls were enraptured, Monsieur the Inspector charmingly deferential; the class was saved, and Claudine had found herself famous.

And this very afternoon, after lunch, Lydia had given her the invitation.

So, Claudine marvelled, she was one of them at last. Invited out, sought-after, considered.

For the twentieth time she took out the invitation. It was so pretty, all pink, and white, and gold like Lydia herself. She was very much drawn to the beautiful Lydia, who was dimpled, and dashing.

There it was—Miss Lydia Chalmers—and then her own name very grand—Miss Claudine Dorey—and underneath in very large, important, fancy gold writing was R.S.V.P., just like a grown-up invitation to a ball.

Claudine looked more closely. Indeed, it was almost a ball; for there, in small letters at the bottom, about an inch away from "Games," it said "Dancing"; and the time, 6.30 to 10 p.m., late, like a proper ball.

Nothing could have pleased her more. For, although she had had as yet little experience of parties (only family gatherings in best dresses with all the aunts in Jersey), and none whatever of balls, she knew exactly how to behave upon these occasions. She had read books. And not only was she the confidante of mama about all things pertaining to education, the world, and how to dress well upon a shoe-string, but she had enjoyed many grave

talks with great-grandmama when she was younger about how ladies behaved at balls.

She would be a success. She would create a furore.

With what poise she would enter the fashionable world.

She owed it to papa.

Just then she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs, and mama stood smiling in the doorway.

She was so chic. So clever, and so chic! Who would have guessed, seeing her standing there so elegant and poised, that the coat she wore she had herself remodelled from one of papa's navy greatcoats?

With such a mother, was it to be wondered at that Claudine was interested in dress, and desired above all things to become chic like mama?

She smiled at her now, very lovingly, then ran without a word and put the invitation in her hand.

And it was considerably later, when mama's exclamations of awe and delight had for the moment ceased, that Claudine remembered something. She said tragically:

"Mama—I have no dress!"

For a moment only mama looked bleak, then she gave a little shrug. "Do not let the thought distress you. I shall make you a dress."

Claudine stared at her very solemnly.

That mama was very clever she had not the slightest doubt. It was astonishing what she could achieve out of the few scraps of silk and lace in the way of underclothes. Sometimes she worked late into the night to finish a special order for the dress shop where she worked. She made lingerie and babies' dresses and christening robes so beautiful, so cobweb-fine that you could not even see the stitches, and, of course, ordinary clothes gave her no trouble at all.

But a special dress—that was something different!

Her eyes wide and serious, Claudine said, "But can you attempt a ball dress, mama?"

"Pouf!" cried mama. "You ask a Frenchwoman that!" (Actually, as has already been explained, mama was only a very little French, but, in moments of crisis, exultation, and despair, the French part became predominant and overruled all others. And in matters of dress she was entirely French.)

"You ask a Frenchwoman that!" repeated mama. "Chut! I will make you a dress so subtle, so chic—the very latest thing. I myself will create it for you. Already I can see it," said mama, half-closing her eyes and gazing into distance.

"Has it got a full skirt, mama? Lydia is to have yet another new dress: net with frills and a skirt so wide—fourteen yards at least. And three petticoats all stitched to the dress at the waist, you understand, so that when she twirls it will spin out like a ballet dress."

Once more, for a moment, the peaked look returned to mama's face. Then:

"Pouf!" she cried with fine scorn. "Well I know them, those little net dresses. Made by machine and not bearing inspection, with coarse stitches and coarse thread. Fraying at the seams and not made to last!" She gave the word machine a scornful French inflexion which made it sound somehow much worse, as though than a machine there was nothing lower.

"And," continued mama with icy decision, "fr-r-ills from the waist would not become you. You are not a

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musty wardrobe blues?



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 20, 1957

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COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

## Continuing 'The Party Dress

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frilly child! Yes, I know those dresses! Costing, without doubt, a great deal of money yet with little to recommend them, and all looking exactly alike—how do you say—thirteen to the dozen. Poul, and again poul! Have no fear, Claudine. The dress I shall create will be You. A dress fit for the Queen, with everything of the best, and a petticoat and underclothes specially made for the occasion. And all of it, every stitch by hand as in haute couture. Not," she finished, "just any little dress made by a machine."

She spoke with such assurance and such pride that Claudine could almost see the little net dresses shrinking modestly into the background and hiding themselves under their layers of petticoats.

"Come," said mama, "we must dip once more into the chest. There is great-grand-mama's wedding-dress. I was saving it for papa's homecoming, but he would wish us, I am sure, to use it now."

Reverently, slowly, they lifted out the dress. It was of supple, brocaded silk in a silvery grey color, as gleaming and beautiful as when it was new.

"The bodice will be of little use to us," she said regretfully, "but by great good fortune the skirt is both long and voluminous, and I can use the sleeves for facings and stiffening."

Claudine touched the shimmering folds gently.

"Please excuse us, great-grandmama," she said in her thoughts. "It is a matter of honor. Of the family you understand; that we find ourselves obliged to use your dress."

Then, honor being satisfied, and her wardrobe assured, she ran down to Mr. Brown's backdoor to buy four crumpets and to show him the invitation.

He was as impressed as she had thought he would be.

She felt a heady sensation of worldliness and pride as she unfolded for him the glories of the birthday party.

"It is to be extremely elegant, Mr. Brown, as you can see from the invitation. There are to be twenty there easily. Not counting boys whom I do not know. The party is to celebrate Lydia's birthday. She will be twelve."

"Twelve? Well, I never!" said Mr. Brown.

Claudine drew a deep breath.

"And as you can see, I, too, have an invitation, although I am the youngest in the class, being not yet eleven. Do you know Lydia?"

"No, love, I don't," said Mr. Brown with regret.

"She is to have a new dress. She has six dresses already, not counting school clothes and costumes for the ballet."

"Six dresses! Well, I never!" marvelled Mr. Brown.

"She is very pretty, that one," went on Claudine. "I wish I could describe to you how pretty."

"Handsome is as handsome does," quoth Mr. Brown sentimentally.

"Lydia's dress is to be very full. Yards and yards. I, too, am to have a new dress, only not so full, because there is not enough stuff."

"Well, I dare say you'll look as well as any of them. No matter what they have on!" her faithful friend declared stoutly.

A smile like light flickered across Claudine's face, but she took the compliment like a Frenchwoman.

"We shall not neglect to inform you of our progress with the dress," she promised kindly as she took up the bag of crumpets.

Every day after that, when tea was cleared away and mama had washed her blouse

and stockings and Claudine's socks and the hairbrushes and underclothes, mama would bring out the special drawer where Claudine's things were kept. And Claudine's heart would beat hard with excitement as, with awe, with rapture, she watched mama lift out the pieces of silk and lace from the layers of tissue paper.

For, like true Frenchwomen, they started on the underclothes.

Mama herself possessed the most exquisite underclothes: shell-pink, palest blue, tea-rose and white, all made with endless patience from scraps of silk and lace she picked up very cheaply from madame at the dress shop.

Claudine had long ago determined that she would have exactly as many underclothes as mama.

For, as mama was never tired of saying, "What you wear on top is secondary. But to a lady, shoes, gloves, and underclothes—these things are of the utmost importance. Ah, my Claudine," mama spoke with great feeling, "these things are of inestimable comfort in an unfeeling world."

But today, the world and its cares seemed very far away, as mama cut and tacked and stitched at Claudine's underclothes. They started on the petticoat.

It was of very heavy pure silk crepe, deep cream in color, and had been imported at great cost from France for a debutante's trousseau—mama having acquired the ensuing remnant, cheaply, from madame.

The petticoat hung straight from the shoulders and ended in three narrow scalloped frills. These, mama explained, were to give additional ballast and support for the dress. But instead of being straight all the way round like ordinary everyday petticoats the frills of this special petticoat curved up gracefully at the sides in the most enchanting way, and at the rounded top of the curve mama set twin rosebuds of lace, ornamented with lovers' knots of pale blue ribbon. And each tiny ruffled frill was edged with real Valenciennes lace.

And the frilly panties matched exactly.

Claudine had never been so happy.

She had had new clothes before, but these exceeded her dreams.

Nor was Claudine, during this time, idle in other directions.

Sometimes, when mama was working late, she would get out great-grandmama's book of manners; for though great-grandmama was now with God, she had with her habitual foresight and care left her books behind for the edification of her great-granddaughter.

The book of manners was a slim volume entitled "Manners for Gentlewomen"—published in 1898.

For, as her new clothes took shape and the party drew nearer, it became increasingly important to Claudine that she should comport herself with grace and decorum.

Earnestly she studied the pages devoted to "The Ethics of Dress"; "The Young Lady in Society"; and "The Etiquette of Mourning." Faintly, she observed with interest, was now completely out of vogue. She was enchanted to discover that at weddings crying was no longer The Thing. She deplored The Decadence of the Curtsy; and worried for hours about Gloves.

Gloves, she saw, were not merely desirable, but a necessity, for evening dress. After

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## Continuing . . . The Party Dress

from page 41

much thought, and many anxious consultations with Mr. Brown (mama being not always available), she decided that for a party lasting from 6.30 to 10 p.m. perhaps only semi-evening was called for, and this did not, of course, necessitate long, elbow-length gloves. Regrettably Claudine abandoned the gloves.

She decided after this to concentrate upon The Curtsy. Slowly, up and down, round and round the room she paced, dropping curtsy after elegant curtsy.

Then the underclothes were finished and they started on The Dress.

The dress, all told, gave them some dangerous moments; the creation of a new dress out of an old one being, as everyone knows, fraught with difficulties.

To begin with, mama found she was going to be skimped for stuff and was obliged to modify her design a trifle—always to an artist a sad and painful procedure.

Then began such an unpicking of seams, an unboring of bodices, a pressing and a sponging and a turning outside in, until all the curved, shaped pieces lay flat upon the table. And then, the style evolved and irrevocably decided upon, they began the cutting out, with Claudine holding her breath and mama performing miracles of piecing together and stitching up until nobody at all could possibly have guessed that some of the joins were fortuitous rather than designed.

And while mama stitched Claudine would arrange the silks and spools of thread, and thread the needles—always with one threaded needle ready waiting!—and was allowed to stay up until nine o'clock.

And sometimes it seemed to Claudine that everything, the very tables and chairs, the whole world was holding its breath, too, waiting for her, Claudine, to make her entry into the fine, elegant, grown-up world.

But almost at the last moment they ran into tragedy.

The dress was finished, the last silken stitches were in place, and only the final expert touches remained outstanding, when mama slipped the dress over Claudine's head for the last time.

It was too short. And, although Claudine held her breath until she went red in the face, undoubtedly it rucked at the back.

"It is too tight. And too short," said mama bleakly.

"The fault is perhaps my own," faltered Claudine tragi-

cally. "I—I held my breath—during the—fittings—to make myself as thin as possible."

"As though you are not thin enough!" miserably, from mama.

"Perhaps it will be better with my new underclothes," said Claudine, brightening. "They are, without question, less bulky."

Carefully, slowly, they levered off the dress. In a frenzy of haste, Claudine tore off her thick woolly knickers, her thick winter bodice and vest, and put on her special underclothes. Slowly, carefully, once more the dress was lowered over her head. Certainly it was better. She could breathe. Even expand. And it looked beautiful. But it was short.

Claudine drooped with sorrow.

"I blame myself," said mama, a tear slipping down her cheek. "I blame myself entirely. I forget always that you grow so fast."

Despair engulfed them. "We must be brave," said mama, "and compose ourselves, Claudine. We must be brave and calm. An idea will come to me. Courage—is so important," cried mama with tears rolling down her cheeks.

And with mama despair was indeed the spur to new inven-

Every time I paint a portrait I lose a friend.

—John Sargent

tion. In a moment she was herself again.

"I have it. I shall cut it on the shoulders—so—here and here. And I will insert a tiny piece here—so. But pray do not imagine, darling, that it will show. Oh, no! And why not? Because," declared mama triumphantly, "you will have a collar. A large white collar of guipure lace—shaped just so—and standing out a little beyond the shoulders—so—the very latest. It is settled."

Mama was herself again. And as Claudine watched her choose so carefully the pieces of guipure, and start her patient and exacting task of joining them together, Claudine knew she could at last relax. The pucker of anxiety faded from her brow. Disaster was averted.

Mama would, she knew, embroider the pieces together so beautifully that not one stitch or seam or break in the pat-

tern would be visible, and no one would ever dream, seeing the perfection of the finished collar, that it was just small left-over pieces given to mama for nothing, out of the tenderness of the heart of madame.

And in the end the dress was perfect.

Mama took off the whole afternoon from work to dress her. First the little panties, so frilly, so very sweet. Then the white silk socks and the black square-toed slippers, with the shining silver buckles, which she had worn at great-grandmama's funeral. Then the beautiful, beautiful petticoat, with the lace lovers' knots and the rosebud sprays and the silken invisible stitches—so beautiful that it was a pity one had to wear a dress over it at all.

And then—oh magic, enchanted moment—The Dress.

It was so beautiful. Never had she seen a dress with such character and charm. It was a princess style, shaped and fitting, so that it flared out deliciously.

When you walked there was just a suspicion, a whisper, the very merest froth of lace. Moreover, she observed with austere pleasure, that if she curtsied very low one caught a glimpse, just the faintest glimpse, of a pale blue bow.

She looked carefully into the face of papa, then turned slowly round before him so that the eyes in the picture could see every aspect of this new, this so chic Claudine.

"You will see, papa, how I will conduct myself as you would wish," she promised.

"Eh, bien!" mama said, rubbing a hand wearily across her brow. "I am content. You are a picture. I am proud of you. But although you look, I admit it, absolutely ravishing, and I am glad of it, you must not, my Claudine, think too much of dress and earthly pleasure to the neglect of the things of the soul. Lay up for yourself, at all costs, treasure in heaven, which is much more important," said mama sternly and sounding exactly like great-grandmama all at once.

"Yes, mama," said Claudine dutifully, but truth to tell well satisfied just then with the delights of this world, for she had just become conscious of the intoxicating and very worldly pleasure of the feel of real silk against her legs.

As if she read her thoughts, "You may reassure yourself," said mama with satisfaction, "that not one of the other little girls (however many petticoats

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underclothes all stitched by hand and trimmed with real Valenciennes lace!"

And once more Claudine felt a thrill of purely worldly pride. It was not, after all, every child's good fortune to have a chic French great-grandmother, and a mother who was also a dressmaker.

The Chalmers' house looked splendid in the dark with all the windows lighted, just like a real hotel. The door opened even before she had time to press the bell, and, as in a dream, Claudine found herself following an elegant maid across a huge hall and up the wide sweeping staircase into a bedroom.

But what a bedroom. Never had Claudine seen anything like this. All white and palest blue with enormous windows and velvet curtains sweeping to the ground and little elegant chairs and a bed—never had she imagined such a bed.

It was so beautiful, with its pale carved wood and fluted satin spread, that Claudine stood quite still for a moment staring.

Then everybody seemed to be there at once. But how different, how elegant they seemed. Their hair looked different and even their voices seemed more formal, more grown-up. They tossed their coats carelessly on the bed and clustered with animation round the dressing-table.

And all at once she found that her dress was wrong. Even the stuff was wrong. These girls were wearing fluffy, waisted little dresses over layers of petticoats; organdie and tulle and net dresses of white and pink and blue. Even Helen, who sniffed and was undoubtedly plain, looked positively dashing in yellow.

And Lydia! Claudine caught her breath. Lydia looked so beautiful, in white over pale pink lace with little flowered straps over the shoulders. They all wore little silver slippers or pale satin ballet pumps to match their dresses.

There was not a single prin-

cess dress there. Nor a single grey. No one else at all was wearing black funereal slippers.

Lydia was showing off, practising her ballet steps. Her cheeks burned with excitement. She turned and saw Claudine.

"Why don't you take your coat off?"

Claudine drooped sadly. Carefully she laid her coat upon the bed.

"Is that your dress? Did your mother make it?"

"Yes!" With an attempt at dignity she added, "she made it—all. By hand."

"Why?" asked Helen quickly. "Haven't you a machine? Why is it grey?"

They all stared.

Miserably, Claudine was aware of the hot color rushing uncomfortably to her face. Hateful, hateful Helen.

Lydia was still showing off. "Why didn't you have a white dress?" she asked pertly.

Someone giggled.

And at once the dress was reduced to a bundle of rags. The beautiful guipure collar disintegrated once more into its queerly-shaped jigsaw pieces. The dress fell apart at the seams and lay in pieces about her, looking just as they did on mama's cutting-out table.

"Hand-made" lost its meaning, and became all at once something crude, outlandish, and sadly out of date.

Gone was the magic, the glamor. And there stood Claudine stripped, defenceless, and clad only in shamed mortification and the remnants of great-grandmama's wedding-dress.

"Well, come on," said Lydia at last, and they moved off in a body to the door. Feeling rather faint, and purged for ever now of worldly pride, Claudine followed them downstairs because she did not know what else to do. She kept as close as possible to the others and smiled, quite as though nothing whatever was the matter, as if she were not the one grey sheep in a fold of impeccable lambs.

## Continuing . . . The Party Dress

(from page 42)

Lydia's mother was a gay lady with curls even fairer than Lydia's and a little tinkling laugh. She gave Claudine two slender finger-tips, a vaguely murmured "So glad," and was already looking at the next child. Claudine kept the smile firmly on her face. Even if she wanted to, there would not have been time enough to curtsy.

She followed the others into the drawing-room where music was being played for dancing.

Claudine sat bolt upright on a chair. As through a mist she saw the three boys from the Grammar School—and more boys. They all wore faultless manners and carefully avoided her eyes.

The music started up again. It sounded jolly. But no boy came to ask Claudine to dance. They were all lining up to dance with Lydia and the vivacious Helen. Her smile grew strained and fixed.

For the third time the music started. Claudine sat stiffly where she was and felt with rage, with shame, the scalding prick of tears against her eyelids. Could these tremblings, this strange, sick dizziness mean that she was about to fall on the floor in an unfashionable faint.

Just then an old gentleman with white hair and a very red face bowed before her, and said miraculous words that sounded like, "May I—" and "please—"

Shining with gratitude, with

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relief, she shot up eagerly into his arms. It was, she recognised, Lydia's grandfather. She held herself straight and stiff like a soldier. Straight and stiff like two old soldiers they paced jerkily round the room.

At first his knees bumped hers, and sometimes she fell over his feet; his white shirt front crackled and popped.

It was not exactly enjoyable, but at least she was moving, and in the end they evolved quite a reasonable technique. The music stopped. She stared at him with wide, beseeching eyes. Would he ask her again? And once more he said, "Pleasure, 'm sure, m'dear," and held out an arm.

She almost wept with relief. This time they even managed a few solemn twirls.

"Get you an ice, m'dear," he said when the music stopped again, and she smiled at him tenderly—a woman at last. Partnered. Cherished. Safe!

From a clump of palms behind her an amused, grown-up voice drawled, "How too quaint. Too—too Little Lord Fauntleroy. Is it the French child?" And then Lydia's mother. "Oh, that's just like grandpa. He always looks after the lost sheep."

Claudine turned and sped swiftly up the stairs. She hesitated on the wide landing, uncertain which way to turn.

She must escape. She must find her coat and escape quickly. She must run home. She must find mama at once and tell her—tell her.

Mama! Mama was—perhaps—wrong, after all. Although so chic, it was so long since mama had attended a party—perhaps she could not know what girls were wearing—now.

"Come here, little girl." An old lady was watching her from a curtained alcove. An old lady in a wheel-chair.

"Come here, little girl, and talk to me."

Instinctively, Claudine found herself obeying the autocratic

To page 46

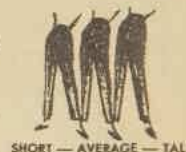


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Page 43



# CONSTANCE SPRY'S FAVORITE DECOR



ABOVE: At the top of the picture are the creamy flowers of *R. Moyesii* Nevada; at the bottom *Fruhlinggold*, between them *Elegance*, and to blend with the roses, the lily, *L. monadelphumsporitanum*. BELOW: Mme. Pierre Oger, the Shell Rose, arranged in silver candelabra.



● England's Constance Spry, world famous for her exquisite flower arrangements, finds there is nothing more exciting than to be allowed to decorate with roses.

"WHENEVER I recall the decorations I have liked best, I realise that they have included roses," Mrs. Spry says.

The beautiful decorations on these pages were created by Mrs. Spry, and emphasise her delight in the beauty of the rose.

Here is her advice on rose decorations:

- Pick roses in full bud, remove the lower leaves, crush or split the stem tips, and steep the blooms in deep cold water in a cool place before arranging.
- Consider the special beauty of the particular rose you are using. For instance, when using lovely red roses such as *Crimson Glory*, *Ena Harkness*, and *Charles Mallerin*, the color, scent, and form should be emphasised.
- Do this by putting one perfect bloom in a clear goblet or vase. The transparent container complements the rose by showing the bubbles forming around the shapely thorns.
- Snip off predominant foliage if arranging a big bowl so that the rich redness of the rose is not interrupted by leafy growth.
- Do not disturb their velvety warmth by adding fern or gypsophila to a bowl.
- A massive, long-stemmed rose like *Peace* will play a handsome part in a large group of cream, yellow, and green colorings.
- It is a mistake to think that roses should always be arranged alone; some kinds are best so, but many may play a wide part in decorative schemes.

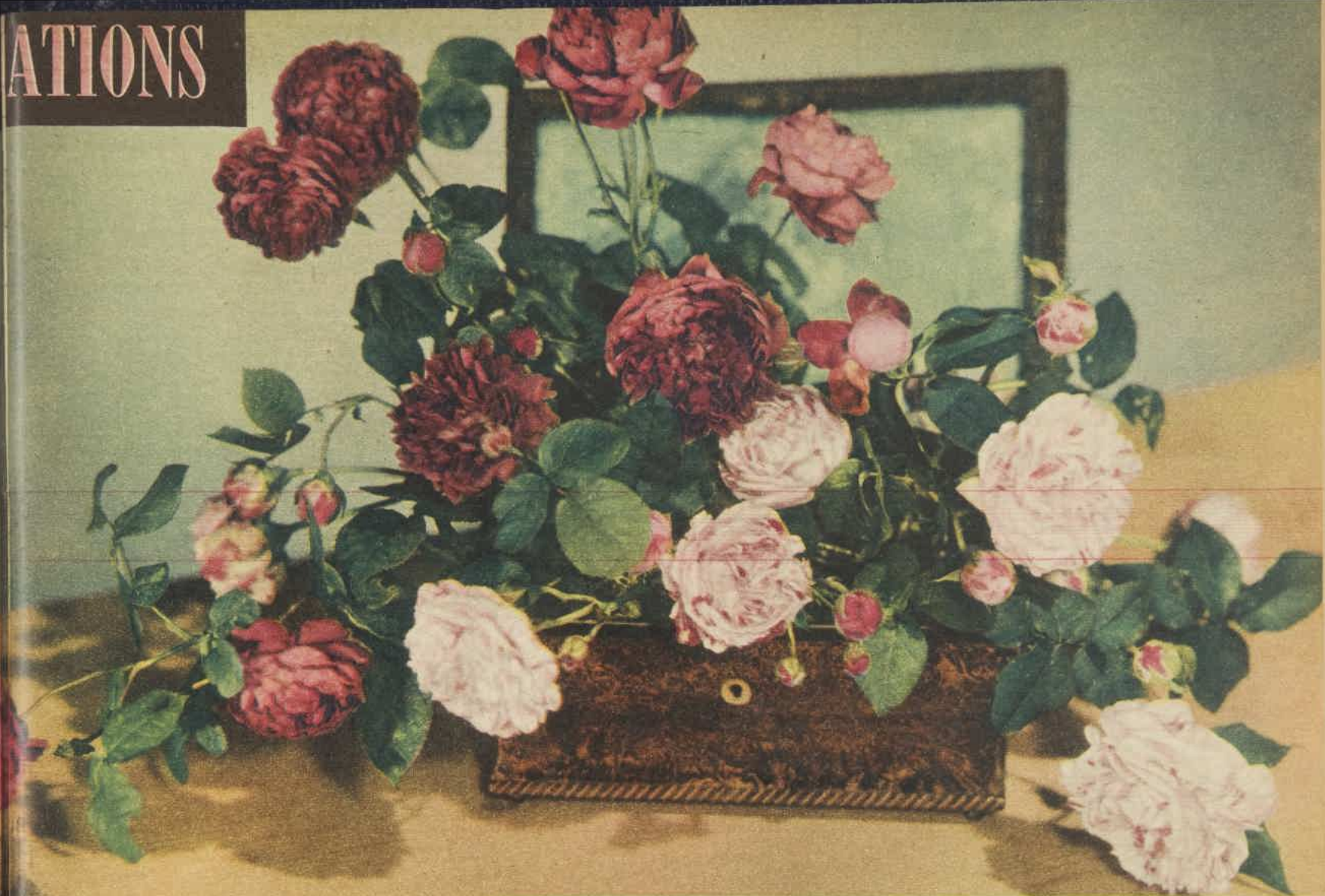


SIMPLICITY is the keynote of this arrangement of dainty moss roses against graceful Martagon lilies.



CLASSIC grouping of old-fashioned roses, using the indispensable urn.

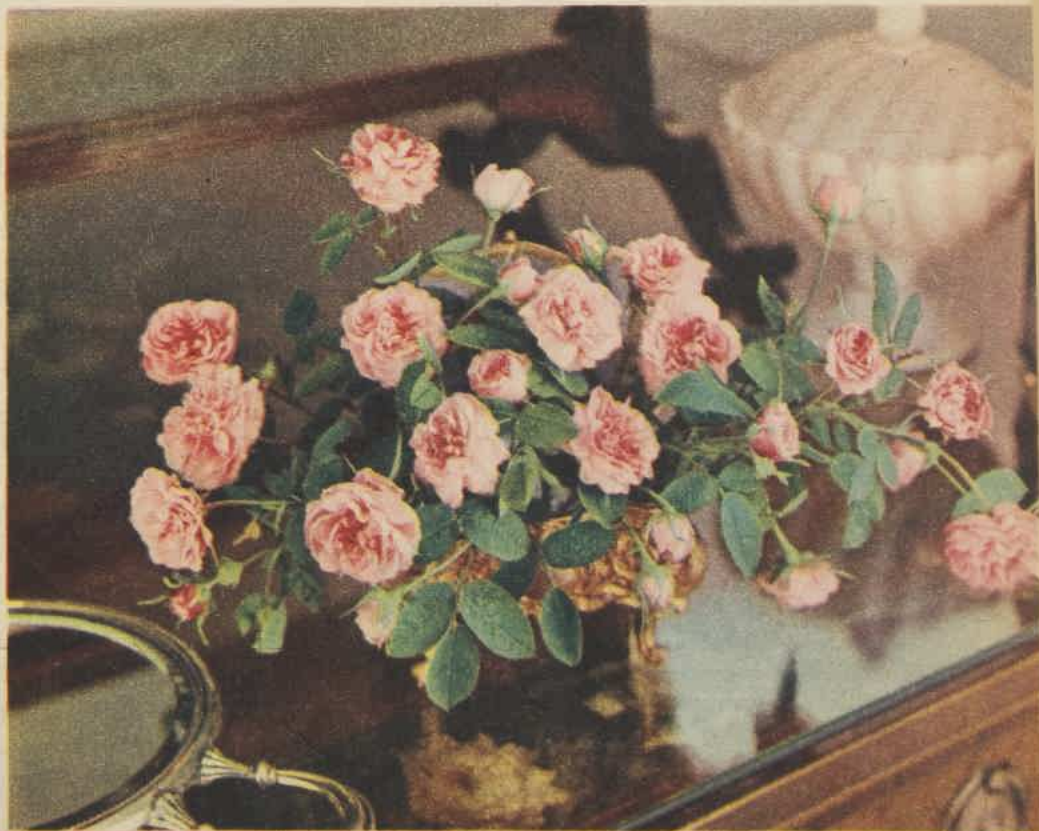




*SATIN-LINED WORKBOX is used for this arrangement of old-fashioned roses—Cardinal Richelieu (one of the true old roses) together with Honore de Brabant.*



*A DEEP URN is perfect for these exquisite delphiniums, roses, and scotch thistles. The soft colors are ideal in a pastel room.*



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old voice. Mute and defenceless she stood before her, hollow with pain.

"Are you not enjoying the party. Why?"

Claudine shook her head. But still no words came past the aching pain in her throat.

"Nothing is as bad if you tell it to somebody," went on the dry old voice, matter-of-factly. "I think you must be Claudine. I have heard my granddaughter speak of you."

Claudine gulped. "My dress," she faltered. "My dress—"

"And very nice, too," said the old lady decisively. "I'd like to paint you. Looking just like that, stormy and troubled. 'Claudine,' I'd call it. 'Claudine in Grey.'"

She sighed, and moved her hands restlessly in her lap. The fingers were thick and swollen, and misshapen. "I used to paint, Claudine, until my hands could no longer hold a brush. Would you like to see some of my drawings? My room is just across the landing."

It was a warm, friendly, cluttered room with a cat like Gertrude purring before the fire. Stacks of canvases were piled up still against the walls, and there was a comfortable smell of paint and oil.

"Lift up that sketch-book for me, please, Claudine. You will like these best, I think. Most are just rough sketches. I liked drawing children the best of all."

Claudine was entranced. There were some lovely pictures of flowers, and a great many sketches and unfinished

**A**LL characters in the serial and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## Continuing . . . The Party Dress

*from page 43*

drawings of children. And a fat dog, smiling, just like Trudi.

They looked at the drawings for quite a long time, and then the old lady shut the book and said briskly, "And now, tell me why you were almost crying, and trying not to."

It was easy, then, to tell her about mama, and about the dress.

The old lady listened in silence and then said, "It's funny about parties. I used to detest them. I was so frightened and so terribly shy, and I never could think of a word to say, not even when I was twice your age. And I was clumsy; I wasn't really interested in anything except painting, you see. Then one evening when I was feeling particularly wretched I rushed to my own private place in the conservatory, hoping to escape for a while, and I almost fell over a young man who was lolling at ease in my favorite chair."

"He said, 'Nothing's so terrible as just being afraid. Why don't you try playing soldiers or something? You know, take a deep breath, hold your head up and dash straight in.'"

The old lady smiled. "He must have been the world's worst dancer. But the best husband. I married him a month later. You have already met him, I believe."

Claudine drew nearer. Could it happen to other people, then? Could other people, even old, properly grown-up people, feel the cold sick misery that had washed over her in waves downstairs. Was it possible there were other people who got—lost—sometimes?

She said, "Lydia's grandfather—who danced with me?"

"Yes. That is my husband."

But it's still just as true about fear. It's fear itself that is the worst thing. You can't run away from yourself, Claudine. Remember that. You have to live with yourself, and you can't do that comfortably if you don't face up to things. Have you any idea at all what I am talking about?"

Some of the light went out of Claudine's face. Her head dropped. She said with difficulty, "You mean—I must return to the party."

"Yes. It's funny about clothes as well as parties. Ten years from now some of those children will be paying fabulous sums to have a dress unlike the others. Because your dress is different does not mean it is not beautiful. It suits you perfectly."

That was exactly what mama had said. Claudine raised her head and a thrill of pure joy shot through her. Mama was right, then; that was the chief thing. Mama did know about Dress.

The old lady was saying: "Only very unhappy people are deliberately unkind. They need your pity. Most people don't mean to be. They are just not very sensitive, that's all. The important thing is not to be unkind back." She paused, then added, "One day, believe me, you will laugh at this. But you'll never have a lovelier dress—not if it's sewn with diamonds and pearls."

She said in a curiously soft voice:

"Good night, Claudine. If I had a mother who had made me a dress like that, I'd walk like a queen."

The party was really warming up now. They were playing an uproarious game of Blind Man's Buff in the hall.

Scores, hundreds, thousands of people, thought Claudine wildly, were crowded laughing into the hall. The stairs dipped and swayed and stretched endlessly before her—and what she would do when she got to the bottom she did not know.

She put one shrinking, trembling hand upon the banister. She drew a shuddering, faltering breath. And all of a sudden she felt the tiny scratch of lace against her legs and the subtle soft caress of silk. And she remembered, with a solemn and increasing ecstasy, the lovers' knots and the rosebud sprays, and the whole rich perfection of her underclothes.

And with a feeling of inexpressible comfort she recognised that although her dress, to the uninitiated, might seem to be more sober than the current fashion, yet in the things that really mattered to a lady she was beyond reproach.

She straightened her drooping shoulders and lifted her chin very high. Her face took on an indescribable hauteur, a kind of frozen majesty.

"This," she announced in clear, bell-like tones, "is Claudine. Claudine—in grey."

There was a moment's stunned silence. Then, out of the dipping sea of faces upraised to hers, she caught a glimpse of Lydia's pink, astonished little face.

Claudine stared. She smiled. "What a plump little creature!" she murmured very softly in French. (She'd got her mother's habit!)

Then, very elegantly, a little disdainfully, like a queen—somewhat trembling, yet unmistakably a queen—slowly and majestically, she started to walk down the stairs.

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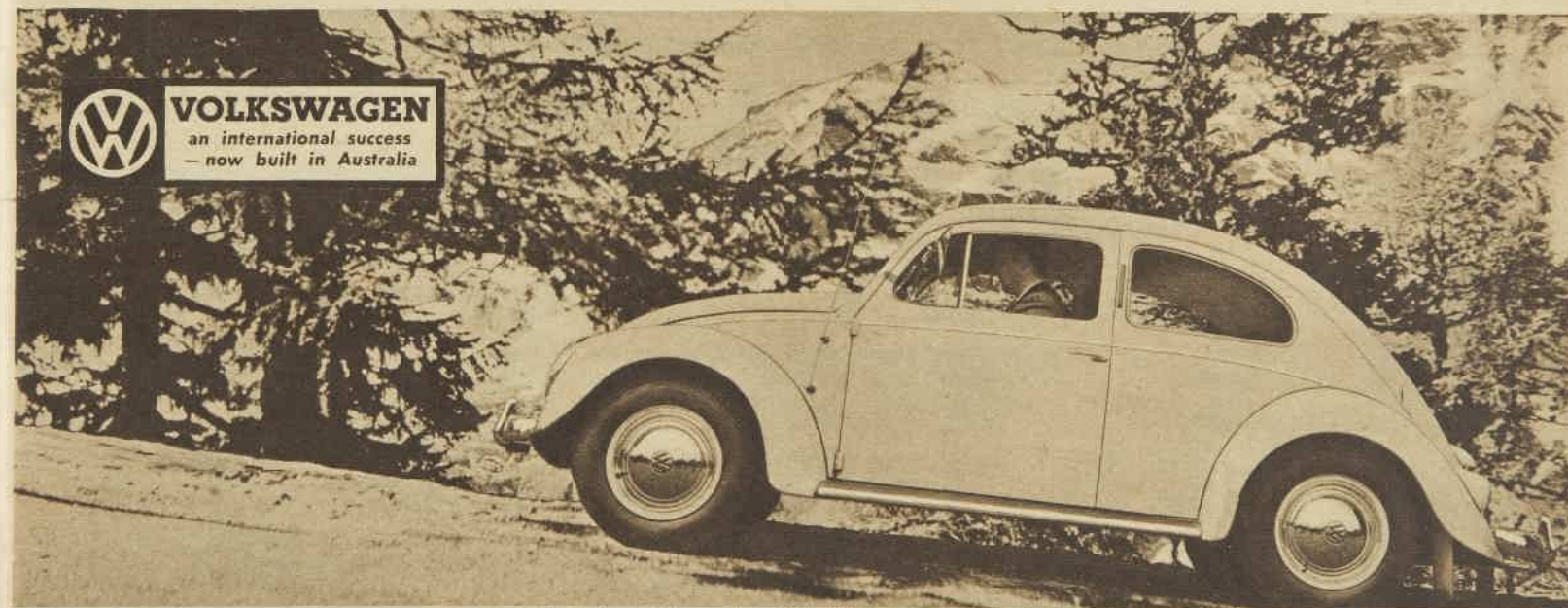
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY March 20, 1957



# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard For week beginning March 18

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck through new channels.	★ Drastic criticism about your work is bad for your morale. Don't let it make you feel unappreciated. Take a back seat temporarily if someone else wants to be praised.	★ Brainwaves buzz like electric currents. Harness those vibrations to immediate action and you can clinch a triumph while others are still preparing for the effort.	★ If there is no particular attraction in the offing, make it a point to have fun. Take up a new pastime, open the door to new friendships and Mr. Right will appear.	★ Stubbing your toe against a stone wall could have a bad effect on your efforts. Many difficulties will disappear. Your ideas may be adopted.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck with a committee.	★ An unexpected meeting with a former associate might bring mutual advantages in business. If a voluntary worker you may be asked to raise funds.	★ Don't allow yourself to become a victim of petty friction. The key to immediate success lies in your ability to get along well with others. Amiability wins.	★ All do not marry their first loves. You are changing rapidly in your tastes. Soon your love may be centred on an entirely different type of person.	★ Some associates may be flattering you because they have axes to grind. This week you have the chance to discover the difference between real and pseudo friends.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a book.	★ Handle your work energetically. You will make such an excellent impression that you find yourself advanced to a more important post or receive a pay increase.	★ Loyalty can be overdone. Sympathy for your own family should not lead to underestimating other people. If your children quarrel with playmates learn the facts.	★ You and your best beloved may be offered the chance to join an important and interesting younger set. It is an honor to be invited and will add to social experience.	★ This is your last opportunity for some months to bank in the sunlight as a brass hat. Thereafter you go into eclipse for a while, so bow out gracefully.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a book.	★ Show what you can do with the material at hand. Finish the task on which you are now working. Postpone new enterprises until fresh ideas prevail.	★ Second thoughts may be best this week. Changed conditions make old ideas quite workable at present. If you close your mind to new ways you may lose.	★ Your beloved may look for consideration on your part should he be settling into a new job, going to night school, or working overtime. Don't stand in his light.	★ If things have become complicated, sit down and think them through. Be firm and say: "no" when you are asked to add more to a crowded programme.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a reconciliation.	★ If you consider it desirable to transfer to another type of work, do so with confidence. If you are a homemaker you may tackle certain work yourself.	★ Tomorrow's worry may be the result of today's blunder. Extreme care should be taken around the home; slips and falls, faulty equipment could bring grief.	★ Expensive dates often add up to a postponed marriage. Celebrate at special anniversaries in style, but don't expect the boy to spend lavishly. He may be saving.	★ Friends might try to let you in for some project not entirely above board, failing to realise its seriousness. Do not associate your name with any group open to criticism.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in love.	★ Perhaps you turn a critic into a booster by being friendly, but don't pry into anybody's private affairs or air your own. Repercussions are always unfortunate.	★ Add up the moments of idleness during the day and you will realise the importance and value of time. You can do many things if you cut down on chatter.	★ If going steady, your family should meet the boy and know all about him. They have your interests at heart and have seen more of life than you.	★ Be content to go along with the crowd. Their ideas will probably differ from yours, but support them as well as you can for team work. Be a good listener.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in good health.	★ Keep track of what you hear. It might lift a weight off your mind. Also, if you have been doubtful or suspicious about a certain person get the issue settled.	★ Someone in the household might make you a wonderful promise. This is sincerely meant at the moment, but unlikely to endure. Don't bank on it.	★ Are you pulling your weight in the partnership? Nothing is so unfortunate as a couple where one member bears nearly all the burden alone.	★ Should you be offered a fee from a society to which you belong, accept it, as the work may take up all your time. Otherwise, you help with an urgent task.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in good fortune.	★ Don't imagine you can cut expenses by asking a friend to share them with you. It might easily send your costs soaring and lead to arguments.	★ Household duties may bar your pleasure. Prompt action should enable you to complete the work so that you still have time for fun. A pottering attitude hinders.	★ It's fine to be young and starry-eyed. Should you be a little older, a sense of humor and willingness to permit the beloved to stand in the limelight are splendid assets.	★ A new social venture may be launched in a burst of success, but it is going to take constant effort to keep it afloat. It may be up to you to see it through.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 24 — DECEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a quiet street.	★ Future projects might be more exciting than those at hand, but you could overstep yourself in attempting to grasp them. Dispose of present duties first.	★ Follow your own judgment. The careless advice of others could set you off in the wrong direction. Don't imitate color schemes slavishly.	★ If you are a young married these may be the happiest days of your life. If you are younger, show your beloved you take a sincere interest in homemaking.	★ If you think you've been side-tracked in favor of one less competent, don't break your heart. A new interest will be shortly knocking at your door.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 24 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in a surprise packet.	★ Your immediate vicinity might be the scene of interesting activities. Do not wander away in search of opportunity to satisfy your needs. Look around you.	★ Be punctual. Persuade other members of the household to run to schedule. A nice dinner may be ruled if kept waiting. Such discourtesy is disheartening.	★ Some of you may be called upon to choose between love and ambition. If furthering your career, love may be crowded out for the time being.	★ Skim the surface, take a look at what's offering, sample different social circles without tying yourself down too closely. You need change at present.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in a contract.	★ Find ways to economise. Read advertisements, listen to the radio, visit shops. Grow familiar with styles, avoid the hasty grab which may not be a bargain.	★ Pats of encouragement may work wonders on a younger member of the family whose ambitions may need stimulation. In some cases offers of help will be appreciated.	★ Try to find out what kind of date is ahead. Wrong clothes have spoiled many an evening. Tell him the color of your gown so that he can send a corsage.	★ Many of you may be more concerned with doing good than with personal diversions. A new influence in your social life could be a person whom you meet casually.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck from personality.	★ Put yourself out this week for others and goodwill flows back. If oneness for your own convenience is placed first, you will not receive friendly help when you need it.	★ The desire to justify someone's opinion of you might inspire you with an overwhelming attempt to make good. Systematic effort breaks down tough domestic jobs.	★ This week may be the turning point in your love affair. Your engagement may be announced, or in some way an acknowledgment of your attachment made known.	★ Asked to fill the breach in an emergency you may surprise yourself and your friends by achieving a triumph against heavy odds. Avoid tension. Rest afterwards.



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CHOOSE THE COLOUR FOR YOUR KITCHEN...



BLUE



YELLOW



CORAL



GREEN



# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● A smart-again spectator fashion for teenagers is a casual suit with a hooded jacket. This fashion item answers a young reader's query.

HERE is her letter and my reply:  
"COULD you help with a design and paper pattern for an informal suit to wear at weekends to watch sports, etc. I don't want anything too heavy, as the winter where I live is not severe. I am seventeen, like smart styles, and make most of my clothes. I would like to use red corduroy if you think it suitable."

Red corduroy is smart and practical for spectator sport. The design I have chosen

(illustrated at right) has a slender skirt and an unbelted and casual jacket. The hood, very new again in teenage fashions, is detachable. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design (you didn't state your size) in 32 to 38in. bust. The price is 4/11. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"AS I have one of those really small figures that do not look well in the average classic suit, could you suggest an alternative design?"

Dior's already famous

Dutch-boy suit—he showed it in his autumn collections—is a perfect suit for the woman with a petite figure. The suit has an unbelted, easy-fitting jacket reaching just below the waist and a skirt finished with neat trouser pleats.

"PLEASE advise me about a style suitable to wear in the house for late-day and for dinner. I am 37, rather a scraggy build, and can't wear a sleeveless frock of any kind. I have quite a nice skin, dark hair and eyes."

During the recent summer

season the shirtwaist dress has become newly important, and I think it would be an attractive design for you. Have the dress made in a soft material; chiffon would be becoming. For the color, I like the idea of a pearl-grey or sandalwood beige. Have the shirtwaist bodice-top finished with wrist-length cuffed sleeves, and the dress belted at the natural waistline with a self-material belt.

"WOULD you suggest a color scheme and design for me? My daughter is being married very soon, at 2.30 p.m. Sheath dresses are charming, but not for me. I have large hips. My measurements: 35in. bust, 27in. waist, and 42in. hips. I have good shoulders and like low-cut necklines. I have natural golden hair and grey-green eyes."

A dress and matching jacket is a perfect ensemble for an afternoon wedding. For the material and color I suggest mink-brown cotton lace over matching paper-thin taffeta. Have the dress made with a deep oval (back and front) neckline finished with short sleeves, a gored skirt, and the waistline in its natural place. The jacket would be best finishing just below hip level and indented at the waistline, not "nipped." For accessories I like the idea of mink-brown for gloves, handbag, and shoes, and a pinky beige for the hat.



DS232. — Two-piece suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/11. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief:

## PLAN FOR A SHAMPOO

By CAROLYN EARLE

UNLESS you have the knack of handling your hair, you should try to wear it as simply and as becomingly as you can. Avoid a hair-do, no matter how fashionable, which you cannot manage and which may go unwashed and unbrushed for too long.

Clean, shiny hair, simply arranged, is far more attractive than any confection achieved with lustreless locks.

The weekly shampoo is a must and it should be no haphazard job.

How you wash your hair is just as important as what you use on it. A good routine to follow is this one.

● Wet the hair and scalp well and apply the soap-liquid or shampoo. Work up good suds. Rinse and apply a second helping of the cleanser. This time work up a real foam of suds and with your fingertips massage the whole scalp, not too gently, so that you feel the scalp move beneath your fingers. This loosens foreign particles and stimulates the scalp as well.

Now rinse and rinse and rinse again if your hair is thick and long, until all soap is gone. When the hair is thoroughly clean it will feel heavy and will squeak. Rub it almost dry, then comb and set it.

**New lotion actually heals chapping... keeps hands softer and younger...**



Does more than smooth—it heals detergent chapping. Angel Skin is the only lotion that counteracts the harsh alkali effects of detergents and soaps. Redness fades, chapping disappears.

Hardworking hands become soft, smooth

When your hands must look their most glamorous, smooth on fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin—sinks in instantly, softens deeply.

# Angel Skin

by POND'S.



Angel Skin is scientifically years ahead of any lotion on the market today



Angel Skin also comes in hand cream form—only 4/9 in the 2-oz. jar.

Angel Skin actually heals chapped skin because it relieves the causes of roughness, chapped redness and dryness! Angel Skin is more than a gentle, soothing lotion—it helps ward off skin disorders. Leaves hands genuinely softer, smoother, whiter, because it goes deep—spreads its protective qualities below the mere surface of your skin. Improves the texture of your skin.

So different from the ordinary "cosmetic" lotion, Angel Skin promotes natural skin health, keeps skin looking younger—

- Sensitive, exposure-reddened hands become genuinely softer and whiter.
- Skin loses that rough, parched shine.
- Tender split cuticle skin heals quickly.
- Sandpapery legs and heels smooth out so they can't snag nylons.

2-oz. bottle 3/9 . . . 4-oz. bottle 6/3. Get Angel Skin from your favourite beauty bar today.





# School Lunches—A KRAFT GUIDE TO DAILY NOURISHMENT

3 easy-to-prepare, wholesome lunches made with wonderful Kraft Foods



Butter bread rolls, top one half with golden Kraft Cheddar from the blue 8-oz. packet, the family-size economy 2-lb. loaf, or from the 5-lb. loaf, and garnish with lettuce or tomato. Kraft Cheddar blends beautifully with all sorts of sandwich fillings. Spread the other half of the roll with Vegemite for added vitamins, and you have a well-balanced lunch-box treat.



Pop a few Kraft 1-oz. cheese portions in the kiddies' lunch boxes. Eight different varieties to choose from—Cheese and Bacon, Cheddar, Old English, Velveeta, Gruyere, Celery, Gorgonzola and Caraway Seed. This way you're adding 1-oz. portions of concentrated nourishment—and you make the midday break so much more interesting for the youngsters.

## Nutrition experts stress need for nourishing lunches...

Almost every week, newspapers and magazines publish articles by nutrition experts stressing the importance of nourishing lunches, particularly for school children.

**The reason?** During the morning, children burn up essential energy elements. These have to be replaced by a nourishing, but light, midday meal.

**What's the answer?** Pack a Kraft lunch—rich in essential protein, vitamins and minerals. Here are two famous Kraft products you should always have handy.

**Kraft Cheddar Cheese**—contains all the food elements kiddies need for sturdy growth. Just consider—it takes 8 whole pints of milk to make one pound of Kraft Cheddar.

**Vegemite**—a concentrated yeast extract, rich in vitamins for vitality.

See all the nutritious Kraft products at your store and stock up a sandwich shelf now!



The Oslo Lunch is famous throughout the world as the ideal lunch. And it's one of the simplest to prepare. Just pack an apple or orange, three slices of buttered wholemeal bread, and 1 oz. of Kraft Cheddar. And tell the youngsters to make sure they get their ½ pint of milk at School to complete the Oslo lunch. Health experts recommend Kraft Cheddar as the cheese to include in every Oslo lunch.



If it's Dad's lunch you're preparing, try Kraft Old English—just as nourishing as Kraft Cheddar but with a stronger flavour. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

**Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses**





# PLANNING FISH MENUS

*Fish, smoked, tinned, frozen, or fresh, used with various flavorings, brings a welcome change to menus designed for meatless days*

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**

**Our Food and Cookery Expert**

**F**ISH is reasonably cheap and compares favorably in nutrient value with other foods. Another advantage is that it can be cooked in so many ways. Some housewives apparently do not realise what a great variety of delicious dishes can be made with fish.

The recipes on this page are simple and should add interest to the average family menu.

Spoon measurements are level in all our recipes.

## FISH PROVENCALE

One to one and a half pounds fish steaks, seasoned flour, 1 medium-sized chopped onion, 1 lb. ripe tomatoes, 1 clove of garlic chopped and then crushed to a cream with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, sage, thyme, parsley, 3oz. black olives split and stoned, oil for frying.

Cut fish into 2in. squares, first removing skin and bone. Roll the pieces in seasoned flour and fry briskly in a frying-pan in 3 to 4 tablespoons hot oil until a golden brown on both sides. Remove carefully, drain, and keep hot. Pour off any remaining oil, wipe out the pan, and pour back a good tablespoon of the oil, making up with fresh if necessary. Heat the pan, put in the onion, and cook for 3 to 4 minutes, add sliced tomatoes, the garlic, and enough of the chopped herbs (about a good teaspoon) to

flavor well. Cook 2 to 3 minutes, add the olives, pepper and salt if necessary. Bring to boil, pour over fish pieces, and serve hot.

## FILLETS OF BREAM WITH TOMATOES

Two or three bream (filleted), seasoned flour, fat, 1 onion, 1 to 2oz. mushrooms (chopped), salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic, vinegar, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. tomatoes cut in slices and fried quickly.

Do not skin fillets. Wash and dry thoroughly, roll in seasoned flour. Heat frying-pan, put in two tablespoons oil or dripping. When fat is smoking, put in fillets and fry until brown on both sides. Arrange in a hot dish. Keep hot. Pour off any fat and wipe pan. Reheat, add 1 tablespoon fat and the chopped

onion, cook 2 minutes, add mushrooms and crushed garlic. Cook gently 3 to 4 minutes, season, sprinkle well with vinegar, and add parsley. Spoon at once over the fillets and surround with the tomatoes.

## BOILED COD WITH SAUCE

Two to two and a half pounds steak of cod.

Court Bouillon (or special stock for boiling fish): Three pints water, 2 sliced carrots, 1 onion stuck with a clove, 1 stalk of celery, 3 to 4 parsley stalks, 2 sprigs thyme and a bayleaf tied together, 5 to 6 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Prepare stock by putting all the ingredients together into a pan. Cover and simmer 25 to 30 minutes. Cool slightly before putting in the fish tied in a piece of muslin. Bring to the boil, then poach or simmer very gently 20 to 30 minutes with the lid on the pan. Lift out fish carefully, drain, untie muslin, and dish on to a table napkin. Garnish with parsley and serve egg sauce separately.

Egg Sauce: Scant  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint milk, 1 slice of onion, blade of mace, 4 or 5 peppercorns,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bayleaf for flavoring, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 2 to 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Infuse the flavorings in the milk 5 to 7 minutes, strain off into jug. Melt butter, add flour off the fire, mix, and pour on the milk. Blend

together well, replace on heat, and stir continuously until sauce boils. Leave to simmer 4 to 5 minutes, then season, and add the eggs coarsely chopped.

For Prawn Sauce: Add 1 cup of shelled chopped prawns to the sauce in place of the eggs.

For An Oyster Sauce: Use the strained court bouillon in place of milk. Finish with a spoonful of cream and 6 to 8 oysters.

## BAKED STUFFED FLATHEAD

One whole flathead weighing 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 3lb., bacon fat.

Stuffing: One heaped cup of fresh white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1oz. butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped thyme or marjoram, grated rind and juice of half a lemon, 1 egg, salt, pepper.

Gravy: Two ounces mushrooms, 1 tablespoon flour, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups of court bouillon (see recipe on this page) or vegetable stock, a squeeze of lemon juice.

Wash and dry the fish thoroughly. Place the crumbs into a bowl, lightly fry the onion in the butter without coloring, then add to the crumbs with the herbs, lemon rind and juice. Season well and bind with the beaten egg. The mixture should be slightly moist but not too wet. Fill this into the flathead and sew up the opening or skewer securely. Heat 3 or 4 tablespoons bacon fat

in a roasting-pan, put in the fish, baste, then cook in a moderate oven for approximately 30 to 35 minutes, basting occasionally. Lift on to the serving dish.

Pour off the fat, leaving a tablespoon in the pan. Have ready the mushrooms chopped, well washed first, but neither peeled nor stalked. Add them to the pan, cook a minute or two, stirring constantly, then add the flour and, after a few minutes, the stock or court bouillon. Bring to the boil, season, add lemon juice, and cook rapidly 2 to 3 minutes. Pour a little round the flathead. Serve the remaining gravy separately with boiled potatoes.

## CREAMED FISH WITH LEMON

One and a half to two pounds fish fillets, 1 lemon, 1oz. butter, pepper, salt, pinch of ground mace or nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 to 2 tablespoons capers, 1oz. grated cheese.

Bechamel Sauce: 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 1 slice of onion and carrot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bayleaf, 1 sprig of thyme, 2 to 3 parsley stalks and 3 to 4 peppercorns, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour.

Cook the fish in the oven with very little liquid. Drain well, then free from skin and put into a bowl.

Continued on page 53

**DELICIOUS** boiled cod, served on a colored napkin for a change, garlic-flavored fish provencale, and creamy fish flakes masked with bechamel sauce are the three dishes illustrated in the picture below.







8504. An exciting twin-set for casual wear, featuring matching jumper and jacket. Note the wide, heavy band, large buttons and pockets. This is truly the 1957 jacket—inspired by the latest Italian creations.



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## Architect's diary

# New bedroom for girls

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

● A South Australian reader, Mr. K. J. Marshall, of Largs North, has asked how he can add to his present home a third bedroom for three girls aged from two to eight, and enlarge the living area.

HE also wants to build an open-sided play area for the three girls to use in wet weather.

In the original layout of the house, no provision was made for the later addition of a third bedroom. When this bedroom is built, as shown in the sketch at right, either the bathroom or the second bedroom will have to be altered to give access to it.

Alterations to a bathroom mean expensive extensions to plumbing and drainage, disturbing the concrete floors and often costly wall finishes. Therefore I suggest the new passage be made through the existing second bedroom.

This can be done by building a new partition.

The area of the second bedroom will thus be reduced, but extra space can be given quite economically by building what is, in effect, a large bay window.

A bay window extension of this type has a definite advantage because it will not disturb the present roof, the ceiling in the bay being on the eaves line and therefore lower than the bedroom ceiling.

A drop in ceiling level, if treated in the right way, can be attractive.

If materials such as timber or plywood panelling are used for the interior of the

bay extension the result will be more satisfactory than matching the existing finishes.

It is more difficult to add a room to a house with a hipped roof when the original roof is to remain undisturbed, as Mr. Marshall requires.

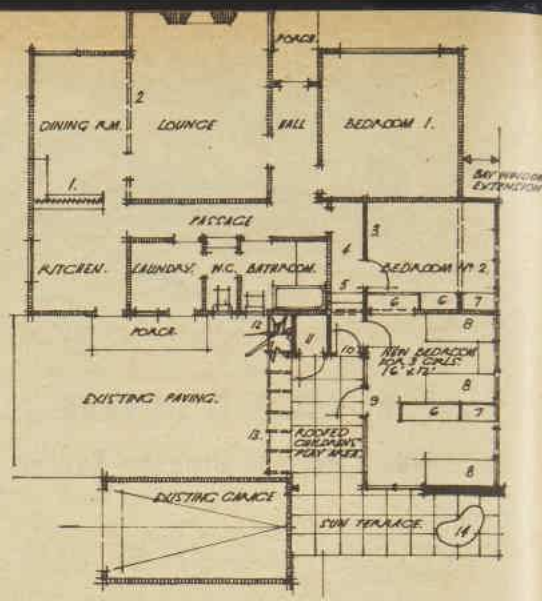
By extending a flat roof from the eaves line, the general ceiling level would be about 12in. below the minimum ceiling height in the remainder of the house.

To overcome this problem, the floor in the new bedroom could be lowered correspondingly to keep the same minimum ceiling height. Two or three steps could be built in the hallway to lead down to this different floor level.

The lower floor level can be built directly on to the ground with a waterproofed concrete slab. A variety of finishes suitable for a bedroom, such as timber flooring, can be applied on the concrete.

The new roof for the extension would be flat, covered with boarding and flat galvanized iron, copper, or aluminium. The last two materials, although more expensive, are more permanent.

The new bedroom would have direct access from the house and from outside by the children's covered play area. A small space has been allowed for toy storage.



ABOVE: Alterations consist of 1, new folding screen; 2, demolish existing wall; 3, new wall; 4, new passage; 5, new steps; 6, new wardrobes; 7, new dressing-tables; 8, single beds; 9, glazed door; 10, alternative bedroom entrance; 11, new toy store; 12, flower-box; 13, new pergola over; 14, sandpit.

The bedroom will have a combined wardrobe and dressing-table fitting finishing below the ceiling-line. This will form a small cubicle to give privacy for the oldest girl without making the room look smaller.

To enlarge the living-room, I suggest the existing wall between the dining and living rooms be demolished, and a folding screen placed between the kitchen and dining-room, instead of a wall, as shown in the sketch.

Mr. Marshall has also asked my advice about adding some sound-deadening material to ceilings in the lounge and dining-room.

Modern homes with large areas of glass and uncarpeted floor surfaces have the problem of increased noise. In

rooms of this type internal sounds are reflected from smooth surfaces, such as glass, ceilings, and fibrous plaster, to create echoes and reverberations that can be quite unpleasant.

Normally much of this noise is absorbed by carpets, curtains, and heavy furniture, but in the absence of these some other type of sound-absorbing surface is a big advantage.

There are a number of perforated materials such as plaster tiles and fibre-board tiles that, although developed for commercial buildings, can be used effectively in the home.

They give an attractive, textured appearance as well as absorbing sound and making the room more pleasant to live in.



## Don't let your hands say 'Housework'!

After household tasks and all outdoor sports, smooth on Softasilk Cream or Lotion and keep your hands romantically lovely. Rich, protective oils in Softasilk neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and prevent wind and weather chapping. Use fragrant creamy Softasilk constantly . . . and then your hands will stay as soft and smooth as silk!

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SOFTASILK PROTECTS AND BEAUTIFIES IN SO MANY WAYS

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No dryness caused by harsh washing soaps

No wind and weather chapping

No coarse elbows

No hard skin on palms and fingers

# Softasilk

Fabulous Hand Beauty CREAM or LOTION



# Lemon dessert wins £5 recipe prize

A smooth, creamy filling and a crisp, crunchy crust make a contrast in textures and combine pleasantly in this week's prizewinning recipe.

THE prize recipe, lemon cream tart, is easy to make, because it does not require cooking. It can be prepared and then kept in the refrigerator until ready to serve.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## LEMON CREAM TART

Two cups crushed cornflakes or wholewheat breakfast biscuits, 4oz. melted butter, 1 pkt. lemon jelly crystals, 1 cup hot water, 1 4oz. pkt. cream cheese, ½ cup sugar, 1 14oz. tin thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, walnuts.

Mix cornflakes with melted butter, press over sides and base of 9in. tart-plate. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Prepare lemon filling. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, stand aside to cool and thicken. Beat evaporated milk until thick enough to hold its shape, add cream cheese and sugar, which have been beaten together, and lastly the thickened jelly. Pour into cornflake crust, chill until set. Sprinkle top with chopped walnuts, serve with ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Fraser, 34 Allambee Ave., Camberwell E.6, Vic.



LEMON CREAM TART is a sweet the whole family will enjoy. The filling mixture has an unusual and delicious flavor. See recipe this page.

## BABY NEEDS SLEEP

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABIES and small children, whose faculties are on the alert during all their waking hours, need far more rest than is generally realised.

The following table will perhaps help the mother in calculating the average hours of sleep her baby needs each day:

One month—21 hours' sleep; 6 months—18 hours; 1 year—15 hours; 4 years—13 hours; 6 years—12 hours; 9 years—11 hours.

A baby aged nine months should spend at least two consecutive hours out of three in sleep. For toddlers aged up to two years a two-hour rest is essential during the day.

A leaflet giving some simple causes of disturbed sleep can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

## FAMILY DISH

TINNED fish flavored with chopped cucumber and hard-boiled eggs makes a tasty dinner or lunch loaf. It costs about 7/3; serves five.

### FISH-AND-CUCUMBER LOAF

One 12oz. tin fish cutlets, 1 pint thick white sauce, 2 small cucumbers, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper, salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs.

Flake fish cutlets, remove bones, mix with white sauce. Scrape pulp out of cucumbers, add to sauce with chopped hard-boiled eggs, lemon juice, red pepper, salt and pepper to taste, and breadcrumbs. Mix thoroughly, fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Use sliced cucumber shells to garnish.

## FISH MENUS

Continued from page 51

Put vegetables, herbs, and peppercorns into the milk. Cover pan and infuse on gentle heat until milk is well flavored. Strain and cool slightly. Make the roux in the pan by cooking together the butter and the flour, pour on the milk, and stir until boiling. Beat this sauce by degrees into the fish, adding the ½oz. of butter in small pieces, the seasoning, and spice. Finish with the parsley and capers (these may be coarsely chopped if wished). Spread the mixture out in a buttered fireproof flat dish or plate. Cut lemon into thin rounds, using a serrated knife. Cut these rounds in half and lay them over the surface of the fish. Scatter over the grated cheese. Brown in a moderate to hot oven about 20 minutes.

# Men go for Mustard!

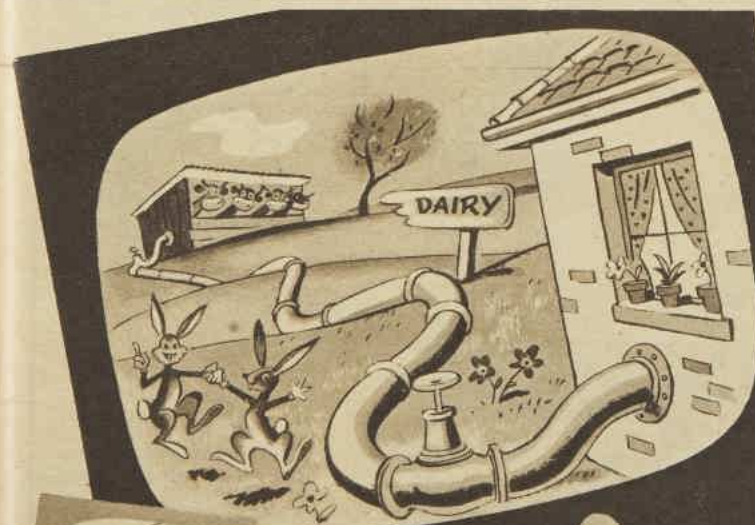


Use flavoury, savoury Keen's Mustard with meats, fish, cheese, salads, sandwiches and in mayonnaise... your menfolk will enjoy their meals more every day with the tangy addition of taste-tempting Keen's Mustard.

...but it must be

# Keen's

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Page 53



# SENSATIONAL! NEW!

## ODO·RO·NO

### STICK DEODORANT



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ONE STROKE  
YOU

- \* wipe out perspiration odour instantly
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New, Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is the easiest, quickest way to apply your deodorant. Especially handy to use right from its ingenious plastic case—there is nothing to unwrap—no contact with fingers—no rubbing in. Sure to be a winner with men, too!

Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is completely new—protects as no other stick deodorant can, thanks to amazing new formula giving unmatched triple protection! Wonderfully pleasant cologne fragrance.

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## ODO·RO·NO

STICK DEODORANT FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

milk in the brown jug and the rosy-cheeked girl, and I wished once again with childish sorrow that Lucky had been able to find the thing he had wanted to say.

I was inside the shed before I remembered my promise not to say anything about the lottery, so I just thanked him quietly and hoped that my shaking voice would show him how pleased I was. I thought that he would tell them about it then, but he didn't.

It seemed a long day, and after lunch I heard Dan Wilson say to Joe: "He's certainly holding out on us—must be saving it up for tonight."

I didn't quite like the look of Lucky—he had a stubborn set to his mouth, and when Lucky looked like that he usually meant it.

When the men had finished for the day they all piled into the truck.

"Come on, Lucky," shouted Rex. "Give you a lift in!"

"A bit tired, Rexy," Lucky muttered uncomfortably. "Don't think I'll go tonight."

"Come on, mate," said Dan. "You need a tonic."

Lucky moved away and I followed him incredulously.

"Carry on, boys!" he said. "Maybe tomorrow night."

"Well," I said as the truck pulled out slowly, "I guess maybe the train trip knocked you out."

"Yep," was all he said.

It was like that the next night and the next, and each day I waited for Lucky to stop his hedging. The men were getting impatient.

"A joke's a joke," said Dan, "but I'm starting to think he doesn't want to part with his cash."

"Well, I guess it's his own," Joe told him fairly.

"Ten thousand quid," said Rexy. "I wouldn't have thought he'd hang out on us like this."

"Look," I said, "I reckon

## Continuing . . . Lucky Donovan's News

from page 33

he's planning something—a big surprise, maybe—a party or something like that."

The men looked somewhat mollified, but somehow I didn't feel too happy myself.

On pay night, Lucky decided to go with the boys.

"I was a bit broke," he said to me. "Now I'm cashed up again for a bit."

Well, this was it, I thought, and wished hard that I could have gone in with them. Next morning though it was the same as before, and now the men were getting really hostile.

Mick Dobson was worried that day. His little girl had been ill in a mysterious sort of way, and a doctor had sent her to a city hospital to see what they could do. In the afternoon my uncle let him use the telephone at the house. When Mick came back to the shed he looked stunned.

"Something to do with the brain," he said. "They reckon it's a special kind of operation, and she'll have to go to America for it."

This was something big and frightening, and the same thought must have been running through the minds of all the men.

"What about cash, Mick?" Joe asked at last.

Mick turned his face away. "I've got a bit," he said, "but not that much."

I don't quite know when they started looking at Lucky and when they did I don't think he noticed it. His craggy old face was all screwed up with sympathy.

That night in the pub the hat went around, and I heard they got quite a bit for his little girl. I remembered her quite well. I'd been up for the crutching early in the summer, and Mick had brought her over a couple of times.

She hadn't been like other girls. She could climb a tree and ride a horse, and she'd always known where to find the birds' eggs I needed for my collection, so I added my sixpence to the fund, and hoped hard that they'd get enough to send her away.

"What about Lucky?" I asked Rexy. "I bet he put in something."

"His week's wages," the shearer said briefly.

I was delighted. "That was pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Extra good," he said soberly. "If you didn't have ten thousand quid and a kid's life depending on it."

It hurt me quite a bit that they should think like that about Lucky, and I wished hard that I hadn't given my promise. If I hadn't said "cross my heart," I'd have broken it like a shot. Still, I thought, a bit of a hint wouldn't do any harm.

That night after tea, I went into Lucky's room. He was sitting on the bed, holding one of his romantic novels, but he didn't seem to be reading it.

"Do you think they've got enough?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I reckon they haven't."

"Gosh," I told him, "I'd even do without my aeroplane if it'd help. Wouldn't you?"

"You bet," was all he said, so we just looked at each other miserably, and I felt all sore and puzzled inside.

"The boys are taking it hard," he said again at last. "They're all kind of different somehow. They won't even have a drink with a man at about. I guess they're too upset about Mick."

I nodded. It was all I could do. Lucky didn't even know what was the matter with the men.

In the shed, it got that way that no one would even speak to him, and I could see the beginning of a hurt bewilderment in his eyes.

"Why don't you ask him?" I heard someone say to Rexy.

"Not me," he said. "If he was going to part up, he'd have done it without being asked. The old Shylock'll never get another drink out of me."

"Me either!" said the other man.

At the end of the week my uncle called Mick Dobson up to the house, and when he came back his eyes were shining.

"It's all right, boys," he said. "I've just talked to the boss. We'll get her on a plane right away."

They all crowded around, congratulating him. Lucky said awkwardly: "Good on you, Mick—a little kid like that . . ."

"Thanks, Lucky," said Mick, but he didn't take the other's outstretched hand, and nobody seemed to notice that the old man was crying.

That night, the truck moved off without anyone even asking Lucky if he wanted a lift. I walked up to the house beside him slowly, slouching a little with my hands in my pockets because that was the way he was walking.

My uncle wanted some letters posted in the town, and he suggested that I go with Lucky, so we took the broken-down old wreck that served as a runabout on the property.

After we'd fixed the letters, we walked down the main street, looking in the shop windows, and when we got near

To page 55

## For clear, smooth skin like theirs . . . use PEARS

Smooth, fine skin with baby-clear freshness—that's a Pears complexion. Pears, famous as a skin care, is entirely different from any other soap.

### Why Pears is so pure

Each tablet is matured for a full fourteen weeks, to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils, to make it wonderfully mild, completely pure.

That's why regular Pears care makes your skin finer, smoother, clearer. Why not give yourself the luxury of this high quality soap for the bath, too?



Pears . . . so pure you can see right through it

### ECONOMICAL! LASTS LONGER—NO WASTE!

Pears lasts longer because it's thoroughly matured, contains no moisture, never goes soggy. Even the last little fragment can be used—it fits neatly into the hollow of a new cake and becomes part of it.



the hotel I saw him swallow hard.

"Look," I said impulsively, "couldn't I go in with you, just while you have a quick one."

"Your uncle wouldn't like it," he said.

"He wouldn't mind just once," I lied stoutly. "Mick's going down to the city on the night train, and I want to see him before he goes."

He hesitated. "Come on then," he said gruffly at last.

They were all gathered around Mick, and you couldn't hear yourself speak until they saw us. Then there was a sudden quietness and they all got busy with their drinks.

I couldn't look at Lucky, and when he got himself a beer and me a glass of lemonade, we took them over into a quiet corner. There was a calendar hanging on the wall above me, and I looked at it, idly at first, and then with growing excitement.

"Gosh, Lucky," I said, "it's the sixth—your birthday."

"I know," he said heavily. "Don't shout, boy."

"Lucky," I said, remembering something. "What about the piece of blue glass I gave you?"

"What about it boy?" he asked uneasily.

"I wanted it for Mick," I told him. "To give to the girl for luck."

## Continuing . . . Lucky Donovan's News

from page 54

He seemed to be having trouble with his drink.

"I haven't got it," he said at last.

"Did you lose it?" "I gave it to someone," he said miserably.

I felt a bit hurt. Maybe, he hadn't believed 'it was lucky after all. I was quiet for a while, and he kept looking at me uncomfortably.

"I'd better tell you," he said with a sigh. "I sort of thought you might have forgotten the piece of glass, but you didn't so I'd better tell you."

He coughed and went on. "There was a chap standing beside me when I wrote out the form for the lottery. Then he came and stood behind me when I bought my ticket. I asked him what he was following me up for, and he said it was because I looked a lucky sort of bloke."

"What did you say?" I prompted.

"Well, I told him I was Lucky—my name was Lucky. I had good stars and a violet scarf and a piece of blue glass. Well, I got the ticket and then he said, what about a drink, so we went and had a few and got to talking."

He paused. "Yes?" I prompted again.

"Well, we had a few more drinks, and he said he thought maybe the magazine that told about the stars wasn't very reliable. He reckoned these things go by opposites, sort of."

The clock was moving on, and I knew Mick would be going soon, so I hurried him on a bit.

"What happened, Lucky?"

"All right," he said. "I'll tell you. I didn't stick to what I said—I missed the bus again. I sold him the ticket, and the piece of blue glass. I thought maybe it was better to be certain of a bit of luck, than take a chance on it."

"Gosh, Lucky," I gasped, "you certainly handed it to him—ten thousand pounds."

He sat upright. "Did he win it then?"

I nodded. I thought he'd be terribly upset, but he was looking towards the bar, and I knew then that it didn't really matter much to him, and that it wouldn't matter at all, if only someone would ask him to have a drink.

"How did you manage to buy the aeroplane?" I asked.

"He gave me a tenner for the ticket and the glass," he replied. "I got it with that."

There was a funny feeling in my throat. "Wait a minute," I said. "I have to see Mick."

At the bar, I whispered urgently to Rexy.

"Ask Lucky to have a drink, will you?"

"Not me," he said abruptly. "It's his birthday," I pleaded.

He wavered slightly, and then his eyes hardened again.

"What if it is?" he growled, "the old Shylock."

"Rexy," I told him triumphantly, "Lucky didn't win the lottery. He sold his ticket."

I said it loudly enough for the others to hear and there was a sudden silence, and then a roar of delighted laughter.

"The silly old goat," grinned Rexy. "He really sold it, did he?"

"For ten pounds," I said. "And he spent it on my plane."

I was jostled to one side, while they pushed Lucky in beside them at the bar, and I was nearly deafened when they drank to his birthday.

But I didn't really care. That Lucky had missed the lottery seemed to me the most wonderful news I'd ever heard, and looking back I think it was.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

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That's why Kellogg's Rice Bubbles smell so wonderful when you break open the sealed inner

container. That's why they dance so light-heartedly into your breakfast bowl. And that's why — the moment you add milk — their chatty snap! crackle! pop! welcomes you to the crispest, freshest, most sustaining breakfast you ever tasted.

Why not let them say good health and merry eating to **YOUR** family tomorrow?

*The only talking cereal in the world!*



reasonably, for there was certainly an inordinate amount of money in the family. But she put them away impatiently.

Not she, but the other girl, was at the centre of this tangle. Hilary Prescott was nothing but a way of getting at Marianne Becher, a hostage for the good behaviour of Jonathan Craig, who had inadvertently plunged himself into the inexplicable adventure by giving Marianne a lift.

None of it made any sense yet, because she had not the necessary clues to make it cohere, but that was essentially the shape of it.

"Into the house!" said her companion, sliding out of the car as soon as it came to a halt, and lunging round it to grip her arm before she could so much as reach for the handle of the door. "Don't be afraid, nothing bad will happen to you if you behave sensibly."

She doubted if he would have heard her furious questions or expostulations, even if she had condescended to utter them. She was sure he would not have answered them.

But it was rather out of a politic desire to continue incalculable that she maintained her stoical silence as he dragged her by the wrist through the peeling brown door, along a dark and odorous passage, and halted her for a moment at the open door of a crowded and untidy little living-room behind the bar.

There was a short middle-aged man there, sitting over the newspaper spread out on the oil-cloth-covered table, a squat, square man in a navy-blue singlet, canvas trousers, and dirty grey tennis shoes, who looked up at them at the sharp sound of her companion's voice, and with indifference examined Hilary from head to foot while he listened to a flood of French far too rapid for her to follow.

She hoped it disturbed them that the extraordinary girl listened throughout with a grim composure, and did not plead or cry, or even ask questions; but that was the only comfort she had.

The small man did the listening, the big man the ordering,

## Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

[from page 31]

that was evident enough. After a minute or two of the unequal exchange the café proprietor shrugged his shoulders, and jerked a hand resignedly towards the dark stairway beside which they stood.

Then, with a deliberate rejection of curiosity which she found more frightening than hatred, he went back to his paper, spreading his compact and muscular forearms across the table. The man with the gun turned her towards the stairs.

"Go up! Don't be afraid, no one is going to hurt you. I merely need your retirement for a little while; after that you shall go to Colmar as fast as you wish."

Along the linoleum-covered landing, echoing and bare, he drew her after him, and into a small room with little in it but a bed and a washstand and a rickety chair, and a couple of daguerrotypes of ancestors on the walls, faded to such a vague and apologetic brown that their features had almost disappeared.

"Not a palace, I am sorry! But for an hour perhaps you will excuse it." He was smiling at her, the contented, amused smile of a man for whom things are going well. "I regret I can't stay and talk to you, but I have work to do. I should not bother to shout, or otherwise disturb yourself, my dear, for no one will hear you except Georges, and he will pay no attention."

"In a little while I promise you shall go. An enforced rest in the late afternoon—no other injury—it will be hardly worth going to the police to complain of that, will it? But you must decide that for yourself, it will occupy your mind while I am gone."

He gave her a push forward by the shoulders into the room, not ungently. She turned in time to catch the last glimpse of his amused face as he closed the door between them. Then she heard the key turn in the lock, and his retreating footsteps, light and in haste, darting back down the stairs.

She sat down on the bed for a little while, and thought carefully exactly how much she had to complain of in him. Very little for which she had any witness, very little which, when considered coolly, provided much of a hold on him. It would be his word against hers on the only points which amounted to anything.

He had threatened her with a gun—very well, but, of course, he would not have a gun when she brought down the police upon him. He had confined her against her will—well and good, but he would swear he had not, and the phlegmatic Georges would swear whatever the other man told him to swear.

In short, unless she could find someone else to confirm a part at least of her rather odd story, it was hardly worth her while going to the police at all, though she was willing to try it.

No, the best way would be if she could actually be found here, locked in, something Georges would hardly be able to deny, no matter what other method he might find of accounting for it.

She had been assured that it was no use shouting, for no one would hear her. The idea, in any case, did not appeal to her, for to stand alone in an empty room and shout, in cold blood, is something considerably easier to suggest than to do. There might, however, be other ways of calling attention to herself.

In addition to the indignation she felt on her own account, it was nagging at her mind that time was vital, that something was about to happen which involved nothing worse than this indignity for her, but must mean something far more serious to Marianne Becher, and all too possibly to Jonathan, too.

She must get out of here. She must at least try.

The lock on the door was not of the old-fashioned kind for

which one might reasonably have hoped in a room like this; there was no open catch to which she could get her fingers.

She spent ten minutes feeling her way about the lock with a nail-file, and after that five more with a hair-grip, but she could get no promising contact.

When she turned her attention to the window, she saw that it looked out on the back premises, so that she had no hope of being seen or heard from the road. Even the yard was hemmed in with sheds and outhouses, setting the rest of the world far from her.

She remembered the field-path, and considered thoughtfully where it must run, behind the sheds to the left. She was not sure that she could throw so far, though in her school-days the strength of her wrist action had been admired. It was worth trying.

She tried to open the window, but it was nailed shut, and beneath it there seemed to be a sheer drop to the yard. Nothing for her there unless she got rid of the glass.

No fear of Georges restrained her, though afterwards she could never think why. A sort of academic coolness possessed her, so that she could see only one problem at a time. She picked up the chair, and holding it by the back, jabbed the legs through both lower panes of the window, and, after the startling shower of icy sound had ceased, carefully went round the frames stabbing out the protruding slivers from every inch.

She could not get play for her arm if she leaned out, and to throw from within hampered her; but she tried it.

She wrote a demand for help—it had not the tone of an appeal, somehow—on the blank half-sheet of her father's last letter, and shut it into her powder-case, which was of a convenient shape and weight for throwing, compactly small and thin.

Next she took up her position somewhat dubiously, aimed

To page 58

## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MARLENE"—Smart between-seasons shirtwaist dress made in check Milange. The choice of colors includes blue and dark red, sage-blue and light blue, brown and lime checks, all printed on a grey background.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £5/9/6, 36 and 38in. bust £5/12/6. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 78/6, 36 and 38in. bust 79/9. Postage and registration 4/- extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

If it's hard to "make ends meet..."

# RYVITA

is the bread to eat!

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Crunchy Ryvita crispbread works two ways to make you slim. Because it is a rye crispbread, rich in natural cellulose, it satisfies your appetite sooner and keeps it satisfied longer. Because it steps up your energy with whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins, you burn up fat in healthy exercise. That is why nothing can take the place of Ryvita—Australia's only crispbread made from rye.

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ALWAYS SOLD IN PACKETS,  
SO ALWAYS OVEN-FRESH

The modern way to lose weight and gain energy.





## "All in together"



Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath. But remember, bath-time can do more than clean... a little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children spark up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



**Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.**

Do as your Doctor does... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in the room from which sickness may spread... in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath)... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



**DETTOL**



Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.  
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over the crest of the shed's sagging roof, and let fly with all her small weight and the added weight of her indignation behind the throw. The powder-case took the air magnificently, in a slightly curving line, but struck the roof a few inches below the crest, and bounced and splattered helplessly back into the yard, spilling powder as it fell.

She tried again with the envelope of the letter weighted inside, this time with several lowly but ponderous French coins. It struck somewhat lower, and sliding down, lodged in an uneven place and remained aloft.

She rummaged in her bag, feverishly, insistent that she was not beaten yet, looking for more paper where she knew she had none.

But all the time she knew that she was swimming against the tide, that she was in any case tiring too quickly now to be able to surmount that roof, that time was running out, and somewhere something was happening which she was powerless to prevent.

"Well, at any rate," said Jonathan, as they emerged into the main road beyond Kientzheim, "we know Hilary's all right."

"Yes," said Marianne gently, "it must be a weight off your mind. At the speed she was going she ought to be in the city by now."

He was not altogether sure how successful he had been in explaining Hilary. When she had flashed by them with that derisive wave, and the characteristic solo on the horn, he had felt, in the middle of his relief at seeing her flourishing and alone, a curious embarrassment, too.

Almost as though he had committed a breach of contract in knowing her, and being on such familiar terms with her, and would be required to account for it to his companion. Almost as though he were already on the defensive, before a single question was asked.

It was a disquieting feeling. A married feeling. And then he had turned and stolen a wary glance at Marianne, and found

her looking at him with a sly little smile on her lips, and a very thoughtful expression in her eyes. Not at all like a wife, or a fiancée, or a woman in possession.

And if the explanation had been a failure, or produced a misleading impression, the fault had certainly been in him and not in Marianne.

She had perfectly understood, she said, that he should have been in anxiety about a girl so young, and for whom he felt almost a relative's responsibility. Naturally he was relieved to see



"You're angry with me about something, aren't you, Ruth?"

her heading safely for the town. Marianne was relieved herself when she thought of what so easily might have happened.

"If she had picked him up and been a little too confiding as a young girl like that easily might, he would have realised at once that she could be used against you, to strike a bargain. I don't like to think of it," Marianne said in a serious voice. "Why didn't you tell me she might be following, when I was being much too sure that scarcely any cars came this way?"

"What could you have done about it?" Jonathan answered. "Except worry? And I thought you already had enough worrying to do. Besides, it was only an off-chance. She might more probably have missed me and gone on by the main road."

## A Lift Into Colmar

from page 57

"But I didn't know what I was doing in asking you for help. It seems so simple, and then one finds one has involved so many innocent people." Marianne stared ahead along the widening, levelled-out road, and her voice was very sombre.

"But you haven't. Never mind what might have been, you saw her go by at the top of her form and in danger from nobody but herself." Jonathan spoke reassuringly. "We

copsies fallen like crumbs from the mountain forests.

"I must pull in somewhere for petrol as soon as possible. I hadn't bargained for quite such a long spell without the amenities. Tell me if you see a garage before I do."

In less than a kilometre they came to one, and drove in from the road on to an oil-spotted concrete expanse beside the pumps, in front of open garage doors that yawned into blackness, retiring into a surprising depth. No one appeared at once to serve them. From somewhere behind a wooden fence they could hear the motor of a heavy lorry turning over in an experimental fashion.

"Sound the horn," advised Marianne.

"No, never mind, I've got a big job on there, they expect. And I want to get some change, too, so I may as well go in and find someone, if you don't mind waiting a moment or two."

He disappeared cheerfully into the cavern of the garage, and she saw him hesitate between two doors and choose the more distant, aiming at a way through into the rear yard, where voices and sounds of activity continued.

She sat back with a sigh, and waited. The sound of a car coming up at speed from behind did not disturb her. They were on the main road now, there had been a regular stream of other cars.

This one, however, swung abruptly in from the road and bore down upon the Morris, its sudden inward rush causing her to spring round in astonishment and alarm. The brilliant red of the body assaulted her eyes like a blow, and the man in the driving seat, pulling up sharply alongside, leaned out and laid his hand on the door beside her.

He was laughing, but the laughter had no amusement and little sound. He watched recognition, of the car, of him, of the terrible implications of their simultaneous appearance.

To page 61

*Lovely mothers tell their daughters...*

**acne .... pimples .... blackheads  
so easily banished from the  
sensitive teen-age years**

WITH

*Innoxa*

**SOLUTION 41**



**INNOXA COMPLEXION MILK makes all types of skin, oh... so fragrantly CLEAN**

Not merely cleanliness as we accept it... but the complete translucent cleanliness we observe in a drop of dew... a penetrated cleanliness that glows from deep within. Every speck of the day's dust and grime dissolved in a second!... along with the skin's expended natural oils... and impurities!... leaving the skin pristine pure... the pores free to breathe... the natural skin oils restored... the skin gently nourished.

Nothing in the world cleans skin so swiftly, so safely, so gently... so deeply.

**SOLUTION 41**



**Complexion Milk**



Lovely mothers endow their daughters with the greatest gifts of all... the protective compassion born of their own memories of adolescent problems... the intimate shared experience of embarrassments that can mar those delicate, sensitive years... and the knowledge and understanding that offer gentle guards against those embarrassments...

That's why lovely mothers tell their daughters of the miraculous preparation... Innoxa Solution 41! This colourless, unscented preparation banishes those most insidious destroyers of youthful confidence and happiness... pimples... blackheads... acne... open pores... over-oily skin.

Innoxa Solution 41 ensures a flawless complexion... the so-much-more-than-skin-deep beauty which gives serenity of spirit to the turbulent years and forms the basis of beauty for all the years so many lovely mothers share with their lovely daughters Innoxa's Solution 41 magic... and the magic of knowing loveliness together.





**SCHIZANTHUS** or "Poor Man's Orchid" is one of the most colorful and hardy annuals. The blooms are shaped like a butterfly and are in almost every color except blue. If pinched back early, schizanthus forms shrub-like plants. Seed can be sown now.

## WINDOW COLOR

● As summer wanes, flowering and foliage plants suitable for growing on window-ledges should be chosen and potted to ensure indoor decoration during the winter and early spring.

It is important to choose the right plants from the wide variety offering. The gardener who goes to his favorite nursery, tells them the aspect to be decorated and takes the advice given, will reap rich rewards.

Among the plants that are most commonly grown indoors are saintpaulias (African violets), Saxifraga sarmentosa and its many relatives, coleus, calceolarias, schizanthus, rex begonias, marantas, zebrinas, bromeliads, peperomias, gloxinias, most spring-flowering bulbs, many lilliums, veronicas, and orchids.

Those who have a small glasshouse or conservatory that is heated in winter can now sow seeds of calceolaria, schizanthus, and hybrid primulas.

Calceolarias produce magnificent masses of colorful blooms, which are pouch-shaped and usually spotted.

Schizanthus or Poor Man's Orchid rival even the true orchids when their flower-masses open out in spring.

Both are annuals and should be raised in pans or boxes and be potted, when big enough to handle, in soil that contains plenty of humus or fibrous matter.

Both calceolarias and schizanthus require staking up in pots, and when well advanced should be given a final potting up in a six-inch container.

### GARDENING

Schizanthus looks particularly well in a semi-shaded window if trained on a fan-shaped support.

Coleus, a foliage plant that is full of color, usually does best in spring and summer, but the plants can be carried over during winter if cuttings are taken in autumn in moist sand. They should not be unduly fed with nitrogenous matter or they will run to

flower and seed, which spoils their display. Pinch back regularly.

Other plants that are much used for window decoration are geraniums, pelargoniums, heliotrope, orchids, and ferns of most kinds, lilliums, succulents such as kalanchoes, sedums, and most of the small cacti.

A member of the epiphyllum class, known in cold countries as Christmas cactus, flowers here during winter. Its new name, Zygocactus truncatus, is not so easy to remember, but once grown indoors its delicate cyclamen-pink blooms on flat, spineless segments will be hard to forget.

Many of the camellias flower well in deep pots and tubs indoors, but they soon outgrow their containers and room-space and are generally relegated to the garden after a year or two. This also applies to the early flowering Kurume azaleas, which often produce good bloom during late winter and right through to spring in a sunny room.

As well as flowering plants there are many quaint species worth space on the window shelf or sill.

The Chinese Letter-plant, which belongs to the rhipsalis family, the Candle Plant (Kleinia articulata), and Euphorbia caput-medusae or Gorgon's head plant all supply unusual formations in green without any sign of flowers.

Climbers can be used to drape a skilfully made wire trellis or support in a semi-sunny corner or on a high window-sill. Suitable plants are hoyo carnosa (a fragrant waxy flowering plant), most of the philodendrons, tropaeolum speciosum (a very tiny-stemmed member of the nasturtium family with red and brown bells).

Daffodils, hyacinths, crocuses, tulips, lachenalias, and grape hyacinths can still be potted up for window decoration, and if soil is used in the pots instead of fibre they will flower again next year.



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**CLEANS  
YOUR  
BREATH**

**WHILE IT  
CLEANS  
YOUR  
TEETH**

### STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.



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**Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest —  
America's largest — the world's largest selling dental cream**

Get the family economy size and save up to 1/10.

Continuing . . .

### Gardener's ABC

**QUERCUS:** A genus of magnificent, mostly deciduous trees, widely known as oaks.

**QUICKLIME:** Freshly burned limestone, containing up to 95 per cent. or more calcium oxide.

**RACEME:** A simple elongated cluster of stalked flowers, such as the flower spike of cymbidium orchid, in which each flower has a stalk of its own.

**RAFFIA:** Dried vegetable fibre much used for tying plants to stakes, for bunching vegetables, and other gardening purposes.

**RADICLE:** Pertaining to the root. Part of a seed from which the root forms.

**RECURVED:** Bent moderately backwards. A term used in describing some varieties of chrysanthemums and similar flowers.

**REPELLANTS:** Substances that, when used alone or in combination with others, protect plants by warding off, without killing, insects and animals.

**RESPIRATION:** The process by which a plant takes in oxygen, oxides matter, and gives off the product. Actually it means a loss in weight which usually occurs during very hot, dry weather.

**RETARDING:** Holding plants back from growing or flowering, usually by placing them in a cool place.





EATS  
THROUGH  
"JUNGLES"

CUTS FINE  
LAWN TO  
PERFECTION

SWEEPS AS  
IT MOWS

SAVES  
CUTTING  
EDGES

TRIMS RIGHT UP  
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**EASY TERMS ARRANGED**  
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18" PETROL-OPERATED

## ROTOMO

*cuts cleaner...  
faster... easier*

You can mow the finest lawns to perfection—or clear the toughest jungle growths (paspalum, bracken, even blackberries) in no time with the powerful, smooth-running Victa Rotomo. The full 18-inch cut enables you to mow in minutes lawns that once took hours. With a Victa, mowing is not a chore—it's a walk-over!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 20, 1957



blaze up in her eyes and drain the color from her face in an instant. The meeting was a masterpiece of economy, hardly needing any time for its accomplishment, or any words.

It did not need the gun at all, though she felt its presence, persuasive in the background.

"Where is she?" Marianne demanded fiercely, plunging to the heart of the matter without pretence.

"Safe, if you're prepared to put down the price for her." His voice was a hard threat of sound between his smiling lips. He saw through Marianne's fixed eyes the frantic motions of her mind, trying to divine how this had come about, trying not to believe in it, or to determine how it could have been accomplished by some trick, without necessarily placing the English girl in his power.

"Don't be a fool!" he said. "You know I have her. You know I'll keep her if you make it necessary, and kill her if you leave me no alternative. And you know that if you exchange yourself for her I shall keep a bargain that's all to my advantage."

"If you want him to see her again, come with me and let her out. If you don't—scream now, and bring him running."

He knew she would not scream. She believed too shrewdly in the lightness with which he would carry out his threats, even without advantage to himself, once his stake was lost.

"You'll let her go? You will let her go?" Yes, she saw that he would have no interest in keeping the girl, once she had served his purpose. She drew a deep breath, as if before lifting a burden. It had been unfair from the beginning to let any part of that weight light on these pleasant passers-

by. It was she who must carry it.

She stretched out her hand to the handle of the door. Less than half a minute had passed since Jonathan had vanished into the rear premises of the garage. It seemed impossible that so much could be changed in so short a time.

"No, lift your hands—let me see that you touch nothing and leave nothing behind. That handbag, please!" The gun, as she had expected, was ready to his hand. He swung it upward from his waist as she held out the white handbag. "Now, come! And quickly!"

She stepped from the car, and, with the barrel of the gun following her like an inquisitive eye, went quickly round the red sports car and got in beside him. The impetuous leap the car made in starting threw her back hard against his shoulder, and she heard him laugh softly, pleased to have disturbed even her physical balance.

They shot away from the side of the parked Morris and soared into top speed within thirty yards. The wind of their going tore her hair back from her temples and poured a stream of coolness over her eyelids. She knew how he could drive, it was not the first time she had sat beside him.

She did not look back, she could not bear to. Eisinger, who was watching the mirror narrowly, saw a figure emerge and cross to the Morris, but because it clearly was not the Englishman he paid no great attention.

A garage boy coming to fill up the tank of one car would hardly find anything curious in the spectacle of another one just vanishing along the road in the direction of Colmar.

## Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

from page 58

He underestimated, as it happened, this garage boy's interest in his job. The French garage attendant can be an enthusiast of the most devoted kind.

The flash of vermilion that attracted the young, sharp eyes blossomed into such a car as he would have loved to possess, a shining new example of a make he had studied lovingly in motor magazines.

He stood with the nozzle of the pump motionless in his hands, looking after it wistfully

until it vanished round the slow curve of the road, and in those few seconds he noted its GB plates and registration number, and because he was just of an age to deflect one thoughtful glance, almost grudgingly, from a handsome red car to a girl's equally beautiful red hair, he also observed Marianne in the passenger seat, and spared the fraction of an approving smile for her.

Altogether it was a most satisfactory equipage, one he would have been proud to drive. He turned back with disfavor to the ancient Morris, a sound

but unexciting job, not really in his line. Speed was the thing!

Jonathan came out of the office and through the garage with a handful of change, stuffing the notes into his wallet as he came, and moving smartly, for he was in high spirits. He saw the boy just withdrawing the nozzle and the car standing empty, and stopped in mid-stride, his heart leaping forebodingly.

"Where is Mademoiselle Becher? Was she here when you came out? Have you spoken to her?"

The boy turned upon him an alert and intelligent look, quick to recognise the note of alarm.

"No, monsieur, no one was here. I did not know that monsieur had anyone with him. I—"

"You haven't seen a lady? A very pretty girl in a green dress? Beautiful red-gold hair, you couldn't help noticing that if you saw her at all—"

The young, bright eyes rounded into wonder and concern, almost into embarrassment. "Oh, monsieur! But she was in the other car! Such hair, I could not be mistaken!"

"The other car? What other car?" But he knew already, his instincts were several leaps ahead of his reason, his memory was belatedly pointing out grounds of misgiving which had escaped him before.

Something had been wrong about Hilary's flight past him, something wrong about their incurious passage, which had accepted the provocative presence of Marianne without troubling to stop and tease him about it.

"Not a bright red car? A red Triumph with GB plates? She didn't go off in that?"

"But yes, monsieur, she did, I saw it disappear there, towards the town." He was almost relieved, in spite of this obvious distress, that the car should be recognised; it kept some semblance of sense in the affair. He recited the number, anxious to be of help, in identifying the thief if not in recovering the stolen lady.

Jonathan, stuffing the half-closed wallet into his pocket, caught the boy by the shoulder.

"Who was with her in the car?" he demanded. "Another girl? A small, dark English girl?" But it was a forlorn hope, he could have answered the question for himself.

"No, monsieur, no girl. The car was already some way past when I saw it, but there was no other girl. Driving it was a man, a fair man—I did not



Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

### JUST LIKE A MAN

MY husband, being a little old-fashioned, was considerably startled to see me trying on a pair of jeans I had just bought.

"What are they?" he asked.

"They're jeans," I said.

"Well," he said in a disgusted voice, "give them back to her."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. F. Blackwell, 8 Chester St., Lockleys, S.A.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN

A FRIEND came tearing along and caught the bus by the skin of her teeth.

"I was always in time when I thought it left at 8.40," she puffed.

"I wish I'd never found out it leaves at 8.45!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. P. Jones, Bass Highway, Blythe, Tas.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

To page 62



LET STEAM DO THE WORK WHEN YOU IRON

YOU'LL GET A REAL PROFESSIONAL FINISH and save on pressing bills. Press suits, skirts and school tunics to perfection; put in creases or pleats like a tailor. And you won't have to use a damping cloth for a thing.

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your pressing-cloths—save that tiresome damping down. In fact, you can iron almost everything in the ironing basket with steam.

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WHEN YOU BUY HOOVER YOU BUY THE BEST!



see more than his hair and his white shirt."

No more was needed. Who could it have been but Eisinger, who else would have dragged Marianne away? Eisinger, lurking in some narrow turning with Hilary's car, waiting for them to pass, then following them patiently, just out of sight, until an opportunity presented itself of approaching Marianne, or both of them if need be, on his own terms — with Hilary as a lever to prise them apart.

What had Eisinger done with her? How was she to be recovered? And Marianne. He had no chance whatever of catching them in his much slower car, Jonathan knew that. But at least he knew that they were still heading towards Colmar, and he had a straightforward reason at last for dragging the police into the affair without committing Marianne to confiding in them.

If he could not stop the red car the police could. He seized the boy by the arm urgently.

"Where can I telephone? Quickly! I want to call the police!"

The boy was entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing now.

He set off at a run, with Jonathan in tow, back into the small, crowded office, and himself snatched up the telephone and demanded a quick connection in an adolescent squeak of excitement. He was as effective with telephone operators as with engines, and in a matter of seconds he thrust the receiver into Jonathan's hands.

"They are on the line, monsieur. I told them from what place we are calling."

He stood by in breathless eagerness while Jonathan identified himself and plunged into his message. Nothing quite so satisfactory had happened at the garage in the two years the boy had worked there. It dismayed him to think that the denouement would have to take place in all probability far out of his orbit, and he would never know what had really happened.

"I want to report a stolen

## Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

[from page 61]

car," said Jonathan, his name established with some difficulty. "It left here a few minutes ago, travelling in the direction of Colmar, a bright-red Triumph TR2, carrying GB plates and the number POZ153."

"The car is the property of a friend of mine, Miss Hilary Prescott, but when it was seen a few minutes ago she was not in it. It was driven by a fair-haired man who had a girl with him as passenger."

"No, definitely not. Miss Prescott, she is dark and small, this girl had striking red-gold hair."

He caught a glimpse of the boy's amazed eyes above the receiver, growing rounder and rounder with wonder, because this very curious lover complained of the theft of a car which was not his, but made no charge regarding the theft of a lady who presumably was his, since she had, on his own statement, been with him.

Jonathan was grateful for even the momentary sensation of amusement. When he had hung up, after promising heartily to report to the police immediately on arrival in Colmar, he pushed an extra note into the boy's hand and gave him a brief and tormented smile.

"Don't look so staggered! Would you admit she'd left you flat? But she didn't do it willingly, believe me, and the car is really stolen. In fact, there's much more in this than I've got time to explain to you — even," he said with exasperation, "if I knew it myself."

He ran out to the car, leaving the boy staring helplessly after him, and drove away furiously in the direction of Colmar.

It was extraordinary, thought Marianne, how greatly she was encumbered by her empty hands, now that she had no handbag to grip in her lap, and how difficult it was to keep her fingers from straying to the pocket of her skirt, that unobtrusive left-hand pocket

shielded from his observant eyes only imperfectly by her body.

If she allowed him to see her so much as touching it with any secrecy or concern, he would know she carried something in it. She had to get rid of it now, before they came to whatever safe place he had chosen for her interrogation.

Under his eyes, sitting shoulder to shoulder with him, she had to dispose of it quickly and cleanly. If he intended to turn the English girl loose he would

**Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilised by education; they grow there, firm as weeds among stones.**  
—Charlotte Bronte

certainly return her car; and Marianne felt sure that he would be glad to get rid of both of them, for they were too noticeable for his comfort, and to involve a foreigner in desperate business is always dangerous.

Yes, the girl would get both her car and her freedom, in exchange for Marianne. Well, Marianne had contracted to deliver her own person on that understanding. She had made no promise about the thing she carried.

"How much have you told the Englishman?" asked Eisinger abruptly, staring with narrowed eyes along the road ahead.

"Nothing. I do not involve other people in my problems."

"Knowing you," he said, with a thin smile, "I might have believed that if he had not played your hand so well at the cafe."

"He was playing it blind, on

the simple assumption that I did not want to see you. You have nothing to fear from him. I asked him to take me into Colmar, that's all."

She said it with so little emphasis and with so indifferent a calm that he considered carefully whether to believe her. Probably his wish was to believe, since he did not want to have to deal with others potentially as dangerous as Marianne herself.

"So all the while," she said thoughtfully, "you were in the car with her. One must have to sink very low indeed to get out of sight in such a car. And physically, at any rate, you are quite a big man. The gun, of course, takes up very little space. All the same, it must have been very uncomfortable."

"You go to a great deal of trouble, Marianne," he said, "to make yourself believe that defeat is victory. But it does not alter facts. Yes, I was in the car. You made it necessary, you should not complain that I took steps to recover you."

She had let her left hand slip down gently beside her to the corded edge of the seat cover. Hilary's furnishings were all of the most dashing, but not well-kept for very long after the newness wore off.

There was a little place under the cord, towards the back of the seat, where some stitches had given way, and she could insert her fingertips into the slit. It was not long enough for her purpose, but with her nails she picked carefully at the threads, prising the seam apart stitch by stitch, with extreme care not to let these feverish movements agitate her arm above the wrist, where he might observe the curious tensions convulsing her.

While she worked at it she turned her head, and with deliberation kept her eyes fixed unwaveringly upon him, so that he might feel the intensity with which she concentrated upon him, and not sense in his blood the passionate activity of her fingers.

She forced herself to begin speaking. "Why didn't you make her stop the car up there when you overtook us? Did you not like the odds? Not even with a gun on your side? I quite understand that without that they would have been unthinkable. A man's reactions can be so incalculable! So can a woman's, too, sometimes — even now I should be careful, Johann!"

He was not moved, but at least his disdainful smile indicated that he really believed she was trying to provoke him. He should have known, if he had known her as well as he claimed, that the only weapon she would use against him, thus at close quarters and for her own sake, was silence and withdrawal.

"You are wasting your breath. I am not concerned with your subtleties, they do not convince me that losing is winning. Nor do they convince you, or you would not need to express them. The girl has been talkative and very useful; if you behave yourself he shall have her back."

"I am here, am I not? What more do you want?"

"You know what more I want. I would not have run after you for your own bright eyes."

"I am glad to know," Marianne said, "that I have never meant anything to you. You reconcile me to my situation. Where did you find her, this young girl? I knew nothing about her until after she had passed and waved to him."

Eisinger was in such content with himself that he did not mind answering her questions. "She came to the cafe asking for him, and the waiter told her he had not been there."

"It was a predicament so like mine that it seemed an obvious move for us to join forces. It occurred to me that though she did not have perhaps quite such a value for him as she would have liked, yet he would not let her come to any harm, and that she might be exchanged for you."

"So I put her in a place of safety and drove back in her

car and lay in wait for you off the road. It was a pity," Eisinger continued, "she had to choose so bright a color, we are a little conspicuous, but we have not far to go and I think we shall not be intercepted on the way. Only it made it necessary for me to lie back farther than I would have wished, to be out of range of his mirror."

"Fortunately he made it easy for me by stopping there for petrol. But if he had not, there would have been some other opportunity. It was convenient to deal with only one buyer — especially as he might not have been so ready to pay my price as you proved to be — but if it had been necessary I could have handled two."

"You and the gun," she said thoughtfully, and smiled.

"If you like it so — I and the gun. But in that order, my dear Marianne, be certain of that."

She had her fingertips in the opening of her pocket now, the edge of the thick card tremulously between her first and second fingers, and was drawing it steadily, steadily out.

To cover the movement she kept her face turned and fixed upon him with a calm bitterness which gained its conviction from its very desperation. She even leaned towards him a little, staring with wide golden eyes, her breast almost touching his arm, so that the curve of her body afforded a little more cover for that vulnerable hand.

Her palm felt sticky with sweat. If she dropped the card now she could not regain it. And supposing the slit in the seat-cover was still not long enough to admit it? Or that her fingers, incredibly tired from that stealthy parody of activity, should fail to negotiate the remaining movements and betray her now?

"Where have you taken her?" Marianne made herself speak evenly. "How have you accounted to her for all this? I might be easily explained away, but if you used the gun to intimidate her and if she

To page 65

## Check Perspiration! Stop Odour 24 Hours!

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**SERIOUS MOMENT** for Audrey Hepburn, her husband, Mel Ferrer, and Fred Astaire (left), her co-star in "Funny Face," the new musical, while selecting a photograph of Audrey.

## Talking of Films

### ★ ★ Lust for Life

**M**ETRO'S "Lust for Life," with Kirk Douglas as Vincent Van Gogh, the famous Dutch artist, is strong, dramatic entertainment.

The story tells of Van Gogh's frantic search for a purpose in life, of his early experiments in art, and finally of the inner turmoils that led him to madness and suicide.

A tremendous amount of research has obviously been lavished on "Lust For Life." The script, closely allied with Van Gogh's letters to Theo, his devoted brother (the role is played by British actor James Donald), leaves just a few queries unanswered.

The whole film is superbly photographed in color against the scenes where Vincent Van Gogh lived and painted.

The flamboyant Kirk Douglas, his hair and beard dyed ginger, does unexpectedly well with the Van Gogh role, capturing both the artist's rapt absorption in his work and the mounting frenzy within his mind.

Fortunately, Douglas' American accent is unobtrusive and his physical likeness to the central character is extraordinary.

It is in Paris among the scorned impressionists that Van Gogh's dominant style and feeling for brilliant color start to bloom. There, too, begins that strange friendship with another artist, the complex and sensual Gauguin.

Anthony Quinn's concept of Gauguin is most impressive.

Photographs of a number of Vincent Van Gogh's greatest canvases are used throughout the film.

In Sydney—Liberty.

### ★ ★ The Harder They Fall

**T**HE manly art of self-defence gets a thorough lambasting in Columbia's hard-hitting expose of the crooked and brutal characters who, according to this story, infest the boxing game.

"The Harder They Fall," based on a 10-year-old story by Budd Schulberg, is grim, realistic, and has a championship angle.

It tells how a conniving promoter with a nose for big money latches on to a dumb, powerfully built South American giant (Mike Lane), who can neither give nor take a punch, and sells him to the public as a contender for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world.

He puts this campaign across by hiring a seedy publicity man who was once a sports writer and knows the fight game from A to Z.

Through a series of fixed fights and blatant bribery the young giant eventually earns a crack at the heavyweight title. It's the one fight that can't be fixed, and at this point the game gets really tough.

The late Humphrey Bogart is satisfactorily cynical as the writer who badly wants the money, but sickens of the fraud and eventually throws in the towel.

But it is Rod Steiger who dominates the whole show as the fast-talking promoter, alternately unctuous and brutal.

An overweight Max Baer, with a huge spare tyre around his waist, plays the show-off champion, and Jersey Joe Walcott is on hand, too.

As Bogart's wife Jan Sterling has nothing to do but register disillusionment.

In Sydney—Capitol.

### ★ Three Violent People

**P**ARAMOUNT has put a lot of slick craftsmanship and a cast of players who know exactly what they are about into this colorful widescreen Western of the old school.

But when it's stripped down to the bare bones, "Three Violent People" is, after all, just a routine affair of well-worn melodramatic situations with patches of action.

Charlton Heston, Anne Baxter, and the interesting new young man Tom Tryon are the title characters.

The story tells how Anne's ex-dance-hall floozie meets Heston, a proud and stiff-necked Southerner on his way home from fighting in the Civil War, and tricks him into marriage.

He takes her to his Texas ranch, and there all sorts of bother sets in.

There's a black-sheep brother (Tom Tryon) doing his best to disrupt the peace, and a bunch of carpet-bagging agents headed by Forrest Tucker and Bruce Bennett to be ousted as well.

And, of course, someone must obviously spill the beans about Anne's vivid past to her shocked husband.

Gilbert Roland doesn't contribute much in the way of acting, but as a Mexican rancher friend of the family he's a comfort to have around.

### ★ The Black Tent

**A** BRITISH adventure of World War II, "The Black Tent" has interesting widescreen back-grounds of the Libyan desert and some quite beautiful color photography.

But the story, written by Robin Maugham and actor Bryan Forbes, simply doesn't come up to scratch. Nor is the acting anything to write home about.

The film's central characters are Anthony Steel, a British Army captain who is given shelter by a Bedouin tribe during the desert retreat, and his brother, played in an impossibly stiff-upper-lip way by Donald Sinden.

The story tells how Sinden journeys out to Libya to try to find Steel, who is missing and believed dead.

It is through a prolonged flashback that the audience learns what actually happened to Captain Steel.

Probably the outstanding sequence in "The Black Tent" is that in which Steel marries the sheik's daughter in a Bedouin wedding ceremony.

A darkly pretty Italian girl named Anna Maria Sandri makes a demure movie debut as the bride, and reliable character actor Andre Morell plays her father.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

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**Everyone who likes to do odd jobs round the house—from renewing a tap-washer to building a garage—should get the new monthly magazine, "Practical Householder," obtainable from all newsagents, price 2/-.**

Page 63

Make sure you  
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## FRUIT BONBONS

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recognised it as a serious threat—and it seems she did, for it was effective, was it not?—how are you going to explain away the gun? You swore to set her free, you owe it to me at least to be convincing."

"You are very anxious," he said, his lips curling, "that they should all leave you to your fate."

The end of the card passed between the unpicked stitches very gently and slowly, sliding between seat and cover. It fitted tightly; she imagined she could hear the infinitesimal protest of frayed thread, and a fine sweat broke out upon her forehead and lip.

Her hand, smoothing together the parted edges, rearranging the cord accurately over the slit, shook with reaction, but it was done and something might yet be saved.

"I am only anxious that they shall not be dragged into trouble on account of me." Her voice sounded strangely calm. "I wish this child to go away believing this to be nothing more than a private quarrel and to forget every part of it. You owe it to me to make it possible for her to forget even the gun."

He swung the car in abruptly from the road towards the solitary cafe by the field-track. The swerve made it possible for her to reclaim, as though from a long journey, her left hand; she clutched with it at the edge of the door, displaying the innocence and emptiness of her fingers joyfully.

"It is to my interest, too," he pointed out reasonably, "that she should be satisfied. Don't be afraid, she shall see for herself that the gun is not loaded."

He turned his head and met her unbelieving eyes. "Of course it is, but that can be arranged! She will go away convinced that I am a little eccentric, perhaps—nothing worse. We are here, Marianne! Be so kind, let me see your hands as you alight. It would be a pity if you left anything behind."

"You have my bag and even my handkerchief," she said bitterly. "What should I leave behind—my shoes, perhaps?"

## Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

from page 62

But she held her breath as he looked quickly round the car when she had quitted it, his long left hand closed round her wrist.

The white piping cord on the red-and-black seat-cover hid all but one dangling end of black thread, and this he did not observe. Her white handbag was tucked under his arm, and he was smiling at the touch of the cool plastic, sure of what he carried.

"Very well, let us go in!" He was drawing her peremptorily towards the peeling brown door when his foot rang upon broken glass. Fragments lay sparkling like ice in the sunshine, under the wall and upon the ground-floor window-sills.

Without tilting back his head, he shot one calculating glance upwards towards the first-floor window, and caught the rapid retreating movement of Hilary's head. He stepped back suddenly and drew Marianne into his arm, holding her hard against his body.

"You want to set her mind at rest?" he said in a rapid whisper into her ear as she braced flattened hands against his chest. "Then do one thing for her! For her, not for me! Kiss me! She will need nothing more."

She was silent and rigid for a moment in his arm, staring with fascinated helplessness at his grinning face, which drew near to hers with the languidly powerful movement of a hawk circling once before the plunge.

"You wanted her to be convinced," he said in a laughing whisper, enjoying her loathing and sensually aware of the distaste with which her fastidious flesh shrank from him. "Can't you play one little scene of reconciliation for her sake? You look as though you would rather kill me than kiss me."

She lifted her arm with a shuddering effort and encircled his neck and offered him her mouth coldly and violently. He

kissed her lengthily and with enjoyment, well aware of the interested eyes watching them from above, round the empty window-frame of Hilary's prison. He took pains to satisfy the watcher that however curious the means by which it had been achieved and however unsuitable the place where it was staged, this must be a genuine reconciliation.

After that the girl was hardly liable to go running to the police with the complaint that

one; you do well to exchange her. If she had not been English I would have paid her out for the window, but I want no complications with foreigners here. For all that glass, you owe me. And if you are wise you will get her out of here quickly before she thinks of something worse."

"Don't be afraid, she will be going at once. You are ungrateful," said Eisinger in great good-humor, "not to thank me for providing you with so entertaining a guest. Do not agitate yourself about your window; it shall be paid

click, and smiled wryly as she looked round the room.

Marianne crossed to the window, which was heavily curtained in maroon cloth, and stood looking down into the enclosed yard, where the car stood waiting.

Her eyes dwelt anxiously on the spot where she had hidden her treasure. Everything now depended on his being so sure of himself and his success that he would send Hilary away before he explored the contents of the handbag; if he looked for what he wanted first, and failed to find it, neither of his guests would get out of here easily, and perhaps neither would get out alive.

Then she heard voices in the yard beneath. A moment more, and the speakers came into sight. The girl Hilary walked rapidly to her car.

Eisinger was at her elbow, and leaned to open the door for her. Marianne could not see his face, but the arrogant ease of his head and shoulders told her all she needed to know. He was still at peace with himself, he had not yet examined his booty; and he was speeding Hilary on her way with the easy and cheap expenditure of a little male charm, elaborating that picture he had staged for her beneath the window.

When the girl turned and allowed her hand to be captured for a moment, her small face looked blank and wary. It was impossible to tell what she was thinking, though she certainly smiled, and did not draw back when Eisinger raised her hand to his lips, with a gallantry playful rather than fulsome.

Georges came out, his eyebrows resignedly raised, to open the doors of the yard for Hilary's exit. She reclaimed her hand firmly, got into the car, and started the engine. Then, without a backward glance, she drove out of the yard and turned once again on to the road.

Marianne saw her go with so much relief that her knees gave under her in the reaction,

and she had to retreat to the high bed and sit down there. With her forehead in her hand and her eyes closed she listened to the hum of the Triumph, soft, high, and contented, receding rapidly in the direction of the town.

Less than a minute later she heard the key turned briskly in the lock, and Eisinger came in, swinging her handbag lightly in his hand, and whistling a sprightly little tune. Without a word he came to her side, and, opening the clasps of the bag, tumbled its contents out on the bed beside her.

He ran his hands carelessly over the small pile of Marianne's intimate possessions, distributing them at large about the quilt, and quite suddenly the whistling stopped.

He went through everything a second time, more thoroughly, then a third time, his hands shaking; and then he took up the bag, and, grasping the pearl-grey silk of its lining, dragged and tore it out upon the bed, but nothing was concealed behind it.

He flung the wreckage from him in a movement of fury all the more frightening because it was deliberate, and, turning, took her by the arm and wrenched her round to face him. His mouth was a long, flat grey line in his sunburned face, and all the lines of his bones seemed to be starting in paler gold through the brown skin.

"Where is it? If you have it hidden on you I advise you to give it up now. It would be kinder to yourself."

"I have not," she said, watching steadily the pale glitter of his blue eyes. "But you had better convince yourself, had you not?"

The only way to take the sting from his touch was to anticipate it. She stood up and kicked off her sandals, and shrugged her arm out of the short, wide sleeves of her silk jacket. She stepped towards him, spreading out her arms



her car had been borrowed, and she, in some incomprehensible manner, turned to use in adjusting a lovers' quarrel.

Marianne went before him into the passage, her cheeks burning and her eyes lowered, and withdrew herself vigorously from the insultingly solicitous arm as soon as they were within. Georges leaned out from the living-room and looked her over with no comprehension and a little curiosity, lifting one expressive shoulder as he caught his master's eye.

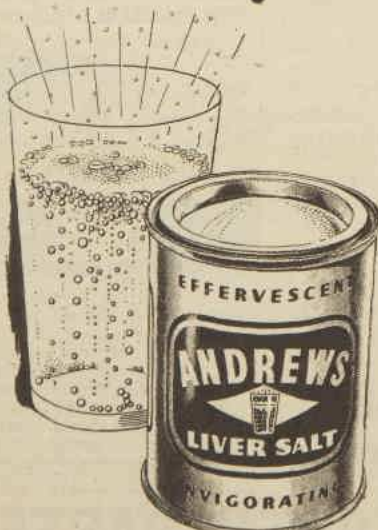
"She is a spitfire, that other

for. Give me five minutes more and she is already out of the house."

He was laughing softly to himself as he thrust Marianne before him up the staircase. "In here—I will let you satisfy yourself that I have kept my word; you shall see her go. Don't, I beg, try to outdo our little friend in destruction. Georges will go mad if you do, but it won't help you. There, watch from the window, and in a few minutes you shall have your wish for her."

He turned the key upon her carefully, she heard its decisive

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compliantly, and her face was resigned and calm.

"It is not an easy thing to hide in thin summer clothes—it has obtrusive corners. But see for yourself."

He had her by the forearm with one hand, and he struck her in the face with the other, releasing in the blow only the superficial exasperation which covered his real indifference to her. When he made use of his whole anger it would not be in light, uncalculated blows of that kind.

"You" under-estimate my powers of persuasion," he said grimly. "If you are wise you will tell me at once what you have done with it. If you are less wise, you will tell me all the same, a little later on."

"I think it is very doubtful. I don't guarantee my heroism," she said with a disdainful smile. "I merely doubt if you will have as much time at your disposal as you think—and I doubt if you will be prepared to go too far in persuasion. It is apt to leave too many marks—but I need not tell you that. And I think you would prefer to be able to send me home again without marks, if it can be done, once you have got what you want out of me."

He thrust her back by the arm until she was forced to sit down again upon the edge of the bed. It helped him, and no doubt he hoped it might demoralise her, to have his strength demonstrated.

"What makes you think I will hesitate to maim you, or to kill you if I have to?"

"Nothing, I assure you. I know you too well now for that. But I think you still entertain the hope that you will not have to. Marianne Becher missing, or dead, or damaged would be a serious embarrassment to you, and probably stir up the very suspicions you want to avoid. You want to stay where you are, to go on living a very comfortable and profitable life," she smiled again disdainfully.

"You argue excellently," he said, leaning over her and speaking in a hard whisper,

## Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

from page 65

close to her face. "In short, if I can recover from you what you stole from me, it will be your word against mine."

"An excellent reason why I should treat you gently, my dear Marianne, as long as I have a reasonable hope of getting back my property by that means. But time, as you reminded me, is not without its limits for me."

"Does it not occur to you that if you persist in your silence, the only alternative I have is to kill you? Make no mistake, it could be done without danger to myself. My alibi could be arranged. My position would be a little delicate for a time, no doubt, but I could handle it." He spoke with complete confidence.

"Think of it so, Marianne—I am prepared to release you in exchange for the evidence, and risk what you may venture against me without it—or I will accept the risk of the evidence turning up again, and be prepared to deal with it when it does. But in order to be ready for that situation I must relieve myself of you. Permanently. The choice is yours, not mine. I should think about it carefully."

"The evidence," she said, "will be just as eloquent without me, and just as unmistakable."

"I don't think so. You forget there will be no one left there to allege that it was ever in my possession, and no one to show where it came from, or how it got to the place where it will be found. Or that it may never be found at all?"

She gazed back at him all the while with an unmoved face, but the probability he had suggested lay heavily in her mind.

She thought of the red car being driven aboard the air ferry to England, and merrily home again at the other end of the journey, and of the bewildered young owner some day stripping off the loose covers for laundering, and finding an

oblong pasteboard which would convey nothing to her.

It did indeed seem to her that she would be mad to risk her life for so barren an ending, even though she could not quite believe that he was yet ready to take such a desperate measure as her murder. He had so much to lose. Only



when it seemed to him that it was already as good as lost would he accept that final gamble.

"What have you done with it?" he asked, quite softly.

"I shall not tell you."

"You gave it to him! Is that it?"

"No!" she said sharply. "I gave him nothing. I told him nothing about what I carried. If you require it, I will swear that. But I'll tell you nothing more."

"Very well!" He turned to the door, looking at his watch. "It is a quarter to six. I have no time to waste on you—you have until six o'clock to make up your mind whether you will give it up to me or throw your

life away. Think it over, Marianne! You shall have quiet while you decide what to do."

He went out with long, quiet steps, locking the door behind him. She heard him walk with resolute calm along the landing and down the stairs.

In a few minutes she rose and went to the window. He had left the house by the back door, and was crossing the

him without a word, and was never likely to see him again. Nevertheless, she left her tired mind dwell upon him with gratitude and regret, remembering the large, lean, practical hands on the wheel of his old car, and the thin, saturnine face.

She heard the key turn suddenly in the lock, and turned to face the doorway.

A narrow sliver of an olive cheek, blue-shadowed with stubble, appeared in the chink, the white of an uneasy eye, the fingers of a thick, short hand easing the door open. Georges leaned inward from the threshold, and with a motion of his hand warned her to be silent. He was breathing hoarsely in his disquiet, and moved past her to stare out cautiously from the window.

"He went out there, towards the wood. Come now—and be quick!"

She could not believe it. She stood staring at him round-eyed. "Do you mean you'll let me go? But you—you and he—"

"I don't want you here. I don't trust him, I don't want murder done. What do you think I am? He thinks he has only to say: 'Do this, do that, come here!' and I shall always do it. Not this time! This I don't like in my house. Now, quickly, while he is in the wood, you must go."

"Oh, if I can — But what about you?" She followed him eagerly to the door, and slid after him with breathless quietness down the stairs.

"Leave me to take care of that. I am not a murderer, so now go, here by the front. And listen to me! Leave the road—from that field he may see you if you stay on the road. There is a path from the corner opposite; it will bring you into Colmar finally by the Rue de Strasbourg. There, run!"

She felt the evening air on her face, the softly stirring coolness at the end of the afternoon's glowing heat. The few people who were drinking in the bar looked at her

through the open door as she passed, with incurious appraisal. She went quickly down the three steps to the road, crossed it, and hurried to where the field-path opened on the opposite side, shaded for a little way with trees and folded into a seam of the ground.

She began to run, partly from a sensation of urgency still driving her, partly from sheer pleasure in being at large to run, and with every step nearer to the end of her solitary journey.

Within the shelter of the trees, about fifty metres from the track, Johann Eisinger rose and stretched himself largely as she passed by, and stepping lightly from shadow to shadow moved serenely after her.

Marianne had been taken completely by surprise at the garage, and had had no time to dispose of anything. Also, he thought, she was telling the truth when she said that she had not confided her dangerous possession to the Englishman. There was therefore only one place where she could have hidden it, and that was in the girl's car. She must have had it on her person, instead of in her handbag, and under his very nose she had disposed of it temporarily.

Witness now this haste to get to Colmar. Probably Marianne knew, from her English friend, where both he and the girl would be staying, and if she knew that, she knew where to reclaim her hidden treasure.

However many miles she led him before she laid her hand again upon his stolen property, he would be at her shoulder when she reached it. She was out of her class at this game. It would give him no trouble to follow her all the evening, if necessary.

And it would be well worth it, he thought, smiling as he stroled silently from tree to tree after her, just to see her face when he reached out gently and took the evidence out of her hand.

To be concluded

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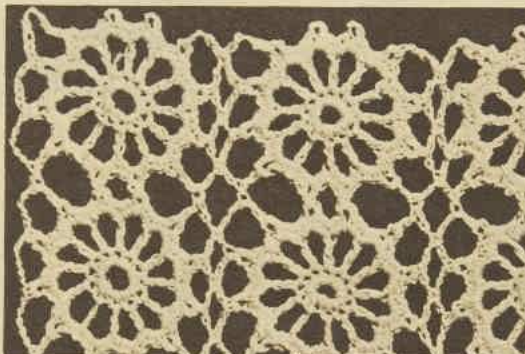
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FOR BEST EFFECT the frosty white crocheted cover should be stretched over a white organdie base and caught down neatly on the inside edges. Coarse fabrics spoil the effect. Lacy crochet covers for bedside lamps are pretty, too.



CLOSE-UP of crocheted motifs above shows how they are simply linked together to give an overall lacy effect.

## Crochet this lampshade

● Give a touch of elegance to a table lamp with a delicate crocheted cover that casts a charming shadow on the walls.

THIS type of shade reflects old-world charm, and goes beautifully with period-style furniture.

If you do not wish to make the lampshade, you can use this pattern to crochet a set of place-mats for your table instead.

**Materials:** 2 balls Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20; 1 lampshade 6½ in. deep, 21 in. in circumference at top, and 24 in. at bottom; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

**Tension:** Size of motif is 1½ in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space.

**To Make:** First Strip—First Motif.

Commence with 6 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

**1st Row:** 12 d.c. into ring, 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

**2nd Row:** 6 ch., \* 1 tr. into next d.c., 3 ch., rep. from \*, ending with 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 6 ch.

**3rd Row:** Into each sp. work 2 d.c., 3 ch., and 2 d.c., 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

**Second Motif:** Work as for first motif until 2 rows have been completed.

**3rd Row:** 2 d.c. into first sp., 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding loop on first motif, 1 ch., 2 d.c. into same sp. on second motif, 2 d.c. into next

sp., 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into next loop on first motif, 1 ch., 2 d.c. into same sp. on second motif. Complete row (no more joinings).

Make necessary number of motifs to fit top of lampshade, joining as second motif was joined to first motif, leaving 4 loops of 3 ch. free on each side of joining. Join last motif to first motif.

**Heading:** Attach thread to first free loop on any motif, 8 ch., \* (1 d.c. into next loop, 5 ch.) twice, 1 tr. into next loop and into first loop on next motif, 5 ch.; rep. from \*, ending with 1 tr. into last loop, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 8 ch. Fasten off. Work heading along other side in same way.

**Second Strip:** Work as for first strip until first side of heading has been completed. On other side of strip attach thread to first loop on any motif, 5 ch., \* 1 sl-st. into corresponding sp. on first strip, 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop on second strip, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding sp. on first strip, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next loop on second strip, 1 tr. into first loop on next motif, 2 ch.; rep. from \* all round, omitting 1 tr. and 2 ch. at end of last rep., join with 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch. Fasten off.

Make necessary number of strips, joining as before until piece fits shade tightly.

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# Fashion PATTERNS

\* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



F4476.—Long-sleeved blouse, featuring a chic tucked yoke. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4474.—Attractively styled skirt, finished with twin patch pockets. Sizes 26 to 32in. waist. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. or 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/.



F4472.—Smart front-buttoned coat-dress styled with a shirtwaist bodice-top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 2/3 yds. 36in. material or 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.



F4475.—Tailored one-piece dress designed for the not-so-slim. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. or 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 437.—FRONT-BUTTONED COAT-DESS. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed, no-iron cotton. The color choice includes varying shades of pink, lemon, blue, and green, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 29/6, 36 and 38in. bust 42/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 438.—DUCHESS SET. The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced with an early Victorian figure motif. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 439.—TWO-PIECE PYJAMAS FOR BOY OR GIRL. The pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in British flannelette. The color choice includes cream, white, blue, lemon, and pink. Sizes: Length 29in. for 2 years 16/11, 31in. for 3 to 4 years 19 3/4, 37in. for 5 to 6 years 21/6, 42in. for 7 to 8 years 23/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 440.—EMPIRE-LINE TENNIS DRESS. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white pique and white sanitorised poplin. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 32/6, 36 and 38in. bust 35/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

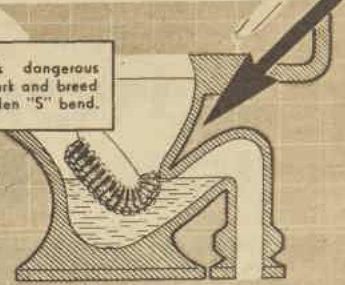
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## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are searching for Mandrake's sister, Lenore, who vanished when she set off to investigate Witchmen's Peak. Despite many warnings, they follow Lenore to the peak, but their way is barred by natives in ambush,

by savage tigers, and by pits of fire. Forcing their way past these obstacles, they approach a sharp bend in the trail. Unknown to them, two witchmen have the trail covered with a machine gun and are waiting for them just beyond the bend. The natives have strict orders to kill them both. NOW READ ON:



### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





Send your man  
to work looking  
smarter in  
American styled  
**MATCHED**  
work clothes



**CANT-  
TEAR-  
EM**

SANFORIZED

**MATCHED**

**SHIRTS AND  
PANTS**

FIVE matching colours:  
KHAKI • GREY • NAVY  
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★ Unconditionally Guaranteed



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to buy **FORD PILLS**  
in the larger economy  
Family size, and  
get over twice  
the quantity  
for only 6/-  
EVERYWHERE

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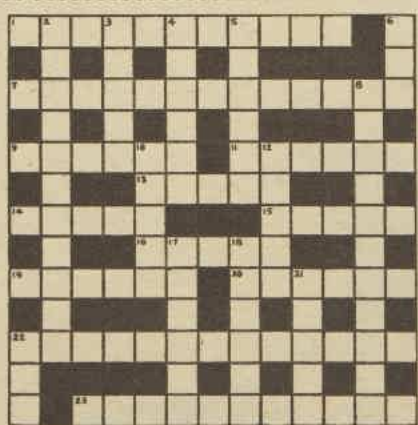
### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

1. My eye after all and this girl with a bird are all humbug (5, 6).
7. Slip of the pen made probably by a parson (8, 5).
9. This experience tests the courage or transaction (6).
11. An eel and an ass kept in wooden frames (6).
13. Glances with a sly look (5).
14. A match in humane qualities (5).
15. He at the beginning of an open space of country (5).
16. Egg-shaped with a large tub in the centre (5).
19. Bad tee (Anagr., 6; not necessarily for golfers).
20. Not yet in this world (6).
22. Hasty (13).
23. These people never handle things the right way (4, 7).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

2. Famous son of a New York police inspector (6, 5).
3. Reset with smoothness (5).
4. The outside of the large amount is a mile in Scotland (6).
5. Long, heavy swelling wave measuring an ell in the inside from the back to front (6).
6. Sailor who could turn traitor (3).
8. Destroyer who is scarcely less than a literate boor (11).
10. Everything turns to assign (5).
12. Pale as a layer (5).
17. Short organ prelude the middle is in Gaelic (6).
18. Marshy treeless plain in a rotund racecourse (6).
21. Wearied with dullness (5).
22. Travellers lodge here (3).



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FLOWER  
FRAGRANT  
MUM**

Now stops odour 24 hours a day  
American scientists have shown that  
new MUM with M3—Hazachlorophene  
—positively stops odour all the day  
through. Modern women demand this  
assurance against offending.

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Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes

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WITH LONG LASTING M3

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

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**FISHER'S SPARKLE**  
into your floors!

So easy and quick  
to use — Fisher's  
Wax cleans as it  
polishes — keeps  
floors and linos  
sparkling, like new!

LARGE  
MAGNUM  
TIN 3' 1/2

(Slightly higher in  
Country Districts)



For dark woods use FISHER'S WAXTANE



YOUR SHOES NEED

**MELTONIAN**

CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS  
So good for shoes

*All  
Fashionable  
Colours*





Munch them with  
*cheese*,  
Crunch them with  
*ham*,  
Spread them with  
*honey*,  
Or serve them with  
*jam*.



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never bettered -



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